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THE WHITE HOUSE SPEAKS . . .

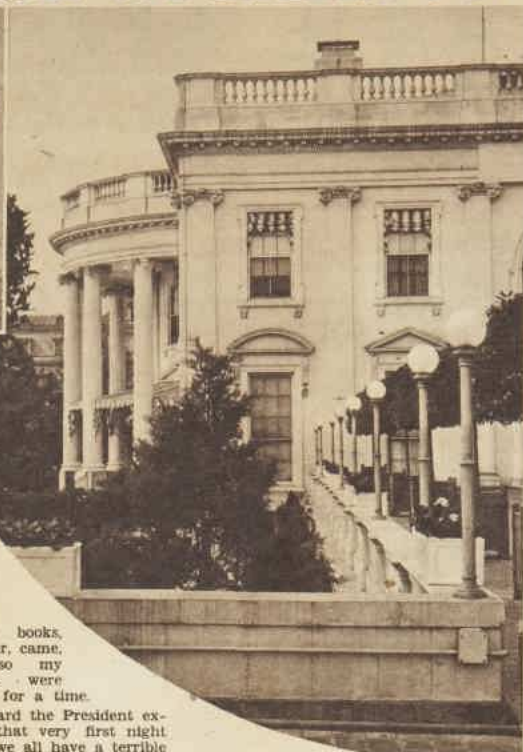
Mrs. Roosevelt lets the house tell its own story

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt will have been hostess at the White House longer than any other woman when her husband enters his third term of Presidency next year. Here Mrs. Roosevelt makes the house tell its own story of her arrival there and her work as America's First Lady in America's First Home.

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt



I AM different from any other house in the world. I was suggested by the first President of the United States to house guests of the nation, and he gave official approval to the spot where I was to be built.

Most important of my guests are those who stay the longest.

These guests come to live in me because the people of the United States elect them for four years. The President, as he is called, and his family call me "home" for that period of time.

People rarely think of a house as being alive, and yet an old house has within its walls the imprisoned spirit of all the people who have really lived there.

Each of them leaves some important imprint behind, and these memories give me my personality.

The present occupant, Franklin D. Roosevelt, is, of course, not a memory but a presence.

I feel he will leave quite an imprint on my spirit, for he is a human personality and he has lived through some of the most trying times our nation has ever known.

My story of the Roosevelts begins with the arrival of Franklin D. Roosevelt and his family on March 4, 1933.

I got my first impression of what this new guest was going to be like when Mrs. Hoover asked Mrs. Roosevelt to come to visit me.

That must have been some time in January, 1933.

I saw Mrs. Roosevelt walk up from the gate towards my front portico. She walked fast with her head up,

but I knew that she was rather frightened. Most people are when they first come to be my special guests.

I could hear distinct relief in her voice when my chief usher, Mr. "Mike" Hoover, who knew me so well and who had been with me so many years, greeted her at the entrance.

The Hoover had known her when she was a girl, when she had been a temporary visitor.

I could tell that she was looking around, trying to remember what I had been like when she visited her Uncle Theodore.

As they walked, Mrs. Hoover told her something about me, and I could hear Mrs. Roosevelt mentally assign my rooms to various members of her family while she looked them over.

Mrs. Hoover mentioned the fact that someone had written to her to object because there was a darn in one of the white curtains which hung on a tall window over the staircase.

Mrs. Roosevelt evidently could not believe that anyone would notice anything of the kind and write about it.

She will know better later on! I thought.

The fourth of March came, and my guests of the past four years departed.

I always feel sad over these inevitable changes; but I watch with interest the new luggage arriving, for I can tell a great deal about the people who are going to live with me by the things which they bring.

There were many naval prints and some books which went into the President's study and office, so it was evident that he had an interest in the Navy and in books.

Few books, however, came, and so my shelves were empty for a time.

I heard the President explain that very first night that "we all have a terrible way of accumulating books, and almost every author sends his latest work to the President," so I have an idea he thought I would have all the books I needed soon.

He was right, for my shelves were filled in very short time. This was a great relief to me, for I like people to be able to read.

A great many people came with this new permanent guest.

The oldest was his mother, and she was a remarkable personality—positive and possessive, but very much a great lady.

Then there were children; not young, like those who came with Theodore Roosevelt, but there were some grandchildren who filled this gap, and some of these children lived with me for a time.

The people of the country like to think of small children playing in my gardens and through my halls.

Settling in

THROUGH the years certain habits and customs have grown up around my permanent guests, and the newcomers have nearly always had to adjust themselves to these requirements.

One rule proved somewhat of a shock to one of the younger members of the family.

He had been to a dance and, returning, proceeded to my front door, which was barred for the night.

Of course, my guards had not yet learned what the family or their friends looked like.

So this boy was somewhat indignant to find that he had to prove his identity before he could get into the house in which he was now a guest.

During the next few days, like all my other guests, this family had to settle their personal belongings and choose the rooms which they would permanently occupy.

Because my staff is so well trained and so accustomed to adjusting to a new family, this was not difficult, and before long everything was in order and the traditional life went on.

I was amused by Mrs. Roosevelt, however, and I think like Hoover was a little worried about her, for he tried to tell her that she could not run the elevator, that one of the doormen would always be there when she went up and down, and so on.

She just did not seem to understand, and before long she was running the elevator herself and going up and down stairs without any warning bells or announcements.

It was not the formal way, but after a while everyone was quite accustomed to it.

Then she turned the big bedroom in which Abraham Lincoln had slept, when he lived with me, into her sitting-room, and she used the little dressing-room as her bedroom

THE WHITE HOUSE, endowed with a voice, a personality, and opinions by Mrs. Roosevelt in this article.

—because, she said, it took her too long to dress in the big room, as she had to walk around such a big space!

In the meantime, I was chuckling over the difficulties of her secretary, Miss Thompson, who had been with Mrs. Roosevelt for a long while.

The Chief of Protocol from the State Department introduced the office force to both Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Thompson, but he forgot to mention that a part of this office force was under Miss Thompson's direction.

So for the first week Miss Thompson and Mrs. Roosevelt tried to struggle on in the way they had always done before, but with a tremendously increased burden of mail of every kind.

In the meantime, people who were supposed to help were sitting wondering why nothing was coming to their desks.

Finally someone got around to explaining the situation.

Sightseers

VISITS from sight-seeing Americans, the people who really own me, have increased in numbers during the time the present President has been in office, and this carries with it certain problems.

The floors which are open to the public have to be cleaned much more often, and Mrs. Roosevelt could give more instances than Mrs. Hoover gave her of the critical interest taken by people in the way I look.

One lady complained very bitterly about the linen covers on my furniture in the lower hall, and she said she was going to write to Mrs. Roosevelt at once, and she did.

I heard Mrs. Roosevelt talking to the housekeeper about it later on.

Of course, the lady did not realise that she was not the first person to sit on those covers that morning and that they were freshly pressed every day.

Nor did the lady who soiled her white gloves on the railing on the stairs leading up from the lower floor to the East Room realise when she wrote complaining to Mrs. Roosevelt that that railing was wiped off at fifteen-minute intervals during the visiting hours.

With thousands of visitors every day I cannot remain immaculate, but I know it is better to have the visitors and not to be able to meet all the standards of fastidious taste.

I know that my staff and my permanent visitors are always doing their best, for they are proud of me and anxious that I should please the eyes of my visitors.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



SIR CHARLES PORTAL

... dragon-killer.

PROMOTED after his Bomber

Command had smashed the German invasion forces in the Channel ports, Britain's new air chief, Sir Charles Portal, is one of the youngest, ablest, and most vigorous men in the three services.

In the last war he went out five times a night to bomb, once engaged five enemy planes at one time; nicked the plane of the German ace, Immelmann, with a rifle.

In short, "a very dragon-killer of a man."



—Norton-Trevaire.

MISS LILIAN FROST

... 1000 recitals.

"SOMETHING of a record, I think," says well-known Sydney organist Miss Lilian Frost, who recently gave her 1000th midday recital at Pitt Street Congregational Church, at which she is organist.

"Though I enjoy playing modern organ music, I love the old classics best," she says.

Miss Frost, who is a Tasmanian, studied in London with Dr. Alcock and with Widnor in Paris.



MR. CAMPBELL GUEST

... Comforts custodian

RED Cross officer aboard the

Manunda, first Australian hospital ship in this war, is Mr. Campbell Guest, well-known member of the Melbourne Stock Exchange. He is personally in charge of £4000 worth of Red Cross comforts and stores, accumulated by the N.S.W. division of the society.

This is Mr. Guest's first job with the Red Cross. He is serving in an honorary capacity.



How adorable she looked standing there—glittering white, ethereal. "My lady of the moon," he whispered. "How dark my life would seem without you now!"

PUT YOURSELF IN THIS PICTURE

Peach, Rachel, Brunette, Suntan and Natural

(See ERASMIC CREAM, Vanishing and Cold Cream)



Romance like this is not confined to fiction—it is the natural right of every girl to be born beautiful is not so essential as to know the art of fascination and how to appear alluring with—most important of all—the irresistible appeal of a skin soft as rose petals. Fortunate is the girl who has Erasmic Face Powder to help her. Here is a powder delicate as chiffon that gives a smooth, pearl-like finish to the complexion—surrounding the wearer with a delicate, haunting fragrance that comes to seem a very part of one's charm.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/-

E.4.27

ANN heard Phil in the bathroom. Above the running water his voice lifted. "Ouch!" he was yelling.

He was wrong, she reflected, thinking he could repair the water-heater himself. Phil wasn't very handy at plumbing, but he had been brought up to believe that plumbers were a kind of modern bandit.

"Ouch!" he yelled again. "What the devil—"

She got up and found her slippers under the bed, out of reach, where the cocker spaniel had taken them. And—goodness gracious, there was the missing tail from her fox fur and the butter dish. Backing out with a roll of dust in her shining gold hair, she banged her head on the side rail of the bed.

"What are you doing under the bed, Mummy?" That was Billy, pausing on the way to the bathroom as his father came into the room.

"Fox hunting," said Ann absently. She sat on the edge of the bed, rubbing the bump under her ear, and looking at her son.

Billy had his pyjamas on back to front as usual. "I don't know how you do it," murmured Ann. "It's almost genius. I mean, just once—you might happen to get them on right."

Billy grinned at her. "I can't help it."

This was Billy's logical explanation of anything and everything.

Phil said: "Ann, that water was cold!" He stood beside Billy, trying to think of other words than swear words to express his feelings about the bath water.

"Without benefit of plumber," said Ann.

Phil was clean and damp; Billy was dirty and dry. Otherwise, Billy was an exact replica of his father. Like those toy models of houses they put in estate agents' windows, thought Ann.

You could describe Phil in clichés: rising young business man, backbone of the nation. But when he smiled, his honest, intelligent blue eyes had an impish, eternally boyish gleam, and his good, steady mouth curved delightfully. Billy's pugnosed face echoed his father's smile, displaying the gaps in his mouth.

"D O go and wash, Billy," urged Ann. "Ears included." She reached for her stockings. "With water," she added. "Don't just give yourself a wipe with the towel."

"Well," said Billy, "I've only been lying in bed asleep all night. I had a bath last night. I can't see any sense in washing again now."

"And put on your clean clothes. They're in the top drawer."

Billy's face darkened. "I don't want—"

"Run," said Phil, closing the door firmly.

"I'll be ill," Billy called back; "I'll be terrible ill. I don't feel well now."

Phil groaned. "I'll be glad when this day is over," he said.

"I don't see why he's so scared of going to this Cubs' camp. I thought little boys liked going."

Phil said: "It's your fatal charm. Nothing that wears pants has ever wanted to leave you."

Shrugging this off, Ann prepared to take off for the breakfast battle. "He's been behaving dreadfully badly for the last three weeks."

"Well, we'll have a chance to get a rest," said Phil, whacking at his brush of sandy hair. "And we need it. We're parents forty-eight hours out of every twelve, and now we ought to have a little peace and quiet. You can get some clothes and play around; we'll have a few adult parties for a change. Instead of making paper hats and twining the house in crepe paper every four seconds."

"You referring to a second honeymoon?" said Ann reflectively.

"On the nail."

But the real thing was that Billy needed to mix with other little boys. His winter engagement with pneumonia had kept him away from them too long; he had grown shy and timorous; he had nothing to say to his contemporaries when he met them. He did not even seem to like them.

Billy did not like team games. You had to admit it. Football and cricket left him cold. Phil said it wasn't normal, and Ann knew it. Also, he was afraid of water; not just bathroom water, but any water. When they took him to the beach, he had to wear two pairs of water-wings, and thus winged, he might get wet up to his knees.

PARENTS CAN'T HELP IT



"I had a bath last night," said Billy. "I can't see any sense in washing again now."

Illustrated by JOHN MILLS

Another thing—Ann was going over it all as she watched the toast—another thing was his hay fever. The camp was near a beach and the Cubmistress had assured Ann that they had only the happiest association with nerves.

"Why do children get these things?" Ann asked as Phil rushed at his grilled bacon and fried eggs.

"They must have had them before," he understood at once. "But they seem to have sort of crept up on parents. Harry told me at the office yesterday that they'd finally traced Richard's to Brazil nuts."

"Good gracious!" said Ann with feeling.

"I thought so, too. You meet with Brazil nuts relatively seldom. But Billy's sensitive to spinach and cauliflower and feathers. He's allergic to hay and oats—"

"And the bath," said Ann sadly.

Billy came in. He had on his Wolf Cub uniform. He looked awfully little to Ann, little for nine years old.

He said: "I'm ill. My stomach has a funny feeling in it. I don't want to go to any old camp." He was screwing up his face to cry. "Anyhow, my trousers don't match."

"They look all right to me," said Phil placatingly.

"They aren't. They don't match.

Look, the shirt's one color and the shorts are another. I said in the book chaps had to wear—"

"I'm sure it will be all right," Ann offered him his breakfast cocoa.

"I don't want that, either," he stated flatly. "I don't want my inside full of those crawly things."

"Now, Billy, vitamins aren't crawly things."

"Crawly things," he said.

Ann bit her lip. Secretly, she didn't like to know that her food was rampant with vitamins, either. But Billy was supposed to be built up on

By GLADYS TABER

this specially reinforced beverage. And it simply teemed with body-building vitamins.

"Just drink half of it," she compromised.

"I'll be sick in the car," he prophesied gloomily.

Phil said: "Well, old man, I wish I could go to a Cubs' camp myself to-day! I'll never forget the time Tompkins put a dead rat in my bed! Or the time we got lost in the woods out of bounds and had to stay out all night. Or the time I broke my arm at football. And the day I nearly drowned trying to swim to Sheep Island!"

Billy burst into tears and rushed from the room.

"Well," said Ann, "just giving him a little encouragement."

"What's the matter?" Phil was blank with amazement. "What's the matter with him now?"

"You've frightened him out of his senses," Ann started for the door.

"I was only trying to tell him what a fine time he'll have in camp."

In the midst of her anger Ann had to giggle.

"A fine time! Rats and drownings and broken bones and getting lost in woods. Paints a nice, soothing picture of camp life."

"I had the best time of my life there. It was—it was a grand place. And my Scoutmaster, he was a fine amateur boxer, he knew how to handle a lot of boys."

Ann said: "From this point on, just keep your happy reminiscences from your son."

Phil meekly finished his coffee. "Well, the car's ready," he said. "Need any money or—anything? I wish I could drive you there."

"I'll be all right, if only Billy doesn't go to pieces."

Phil looked miserable.

"He's not very tough. You think those other fellows are going to bully him?"

Ann said with malice: "I never went to a Cubs' camp. How should I know?"

"Well," said Phil; "well—er—don't forget—don't drive too fast and all that."

"Go along," said Ann. "I've got to see to Billy."

"Just keep calm, that's all," Phil told her heartily. "Nothing to get in a state over. Boys go to these things all the time. Makes men of them."

On this note he plunged away. Ann closed her mouth and climbed up to Billy, who was still weeping on the bed beside his pack.

"Just think what fun it will be to see the sea," said Ann. She washed Billy's face.

"I don't want to see the sea," he said. And he added: "These clothes don't match."

"Stop worrying about your clothes," she said sharply. "Men don't fuss over little shades of color."

"Daddy does. He made a big old fuss over the color of that overcoat you got him at the sale. He said—'Billy pursued the memory—he said he wasn't any mermaid to wear green.'"

"Oh, Billy!" Ann struggled with the straps on the pack, and with her emotions, which were worse. "Come along now; we must go."

"My stomach hurts."

Please turn to page 16

With fondest love from Walter

ON Christmas night all was dark at Number 20 save for the night-nursery window. And Mrs. Paterson's shadow appeared there for a moment, and pulled the curtains to.

The Patersons were very rich. Their house was furnished lavishly, but without much taste. Good taste is one of the things money cannot buy.

Most of the people in the avenue envied Elspeth Paterson. She had everything. She had never known a moment's anxiety. And if good fortune had made her just a little self-satisfied her friends forgave her that, because she was rather a dear.

But what a pity that she dressed so badly!

Fashion, said Elspeth Paterson, was a lot of nonsense. She was comfortably convinced she achieved the same results with her unwise shoppings as did Margaret Gardulla, who had a real flair for clothes.

Also, she was obstinate, was Elspeth, about her hair. When she had married Walter, she wore it brushed back in a simple little bun. It had been pretty hair then, bright with the sheen of youth, with dancing golden lights in it, and it curled rather pleasantly about her round little pink face.

It had suited her then; she was firmly convinced it suited her just as well now, fourteen years on, and she took none of the hints of kind friends, and laughed good-naturedly when Margaret Gardulla said:

"Come to my hairdresser, Elspeth. He'd work wonders with you."

She had loved Walter Paterson passionately when she first married him, a shy little girl from a north-country vicarage. But after the children came that bright candle had soon blown out, and they had settled down to a nice companionship.

She devoted her whole life to her two children, Morna and Mark. She taught them herself—and would not listen to Walter, who was forever saying they ought to go to the little school at the end of the avenue, with the other children in this world. She dressed them well, in good, hard-wearing clothes, most of them sale bargains.

Once Walter flared out at her quite angrily.

"Why are you so stingy? For goodness sake let's enjoy ourselves while we can. You want to make life into a sort of 'school's in' class!"

He said that the time she had remonstrated with him for buying expensive theatre tickets.

"I give you all you ask for, don't I? We have enough, haven't we? What on earth is the point of working and making money if every penny spent is like a tooth drawn!"

She knew he must be liverish. He never spoke that way as a rule.

And once he said: "For heaven's sake get yourself some decent clothes. I'm sick to death of that nigger-brown coat frock with beige tit-bits. My typist is better dressed than my wife."

He was definitely sickening for influenza that time, so she made allowances. She didn't approve of spending money on clothes.

"I don't want to look like everybody else," said Elspeth firmly, when Margaret Gardulla tried to make her have her hair cut. It was a skimpy handful of rather dull-looking hair now. Even Walter had said, once or twice, tentatively that he thought she would look nice with curls.

She was very proud of Walter, and very fond of him, but there was a little obstinate streak she had brought from the north country with her. She had no intention of letting him have his own way over everything.

The Gardullas were giving a theatre party. The Gardullas gave a lot of parties, and the Patersons went to most of them. Walter and Leon had been at the same school together and were friends.

"Get a new frock," said Walter. "I'm sick of that old black net of yours, darling."

She laughed, as she dressed for the party, because she had not obeyed him. She didn't believe in ostenta-

tion and show, like that silly, frivolous little Millie Winter at Number 10 who tried so hard to appear better off than she was. Everyone knew how well off the Patersons were, and how successful Walter had been. There was no need to make a show.

She had bought a new belt, and a fresh piece of net for the shoulders, and a little lace front for the old net frock. Walter, man-like, would never recognise it, she thought, laughing secretly.

After the usual cheerful dinner at Margaret's, they drove up to London. Walter sat beside her in their own comfortable car driven by the chauffeur-gardener in his smart uniform. She looked up at him, proud of him. His face still had, in repose, a touching, wistful look, as if he, Walter Paterson, still sought something which, in spite of his wealth, he had never found.

"Far too many courses at dinner, weren't there?" said Elspeth. "Margaret always has too much to eat. I tremble to think what their housekeeping bills must be. And that frock of hers! Hardly so much a dress as a coat of paint."

In her own heart she had not thought Margaret's tight-fitting satin sheath quite nice.

"Lunch with me in town to-morrow, and I'll buy you a new frock?" She shook her head.

"I can't. I've got to take Morna and Mark to their riding lesson. Besides, I don't need any more clothes."

"You used to have a silver frock. I liked you in silver."

She said: "It's not serviceable."

She did want an evening cloak. Something like Margaret's, a long flowing cape that went all round. But she wasn't going to buy one ready-made. The little woman round the corner would run her up one in no time.

The glamor of the theatre unfolded Margaret Gardulla's party, and settled them into stalls.

IT was a musical play, all singing and dancing, and no story to speak of. Elspeth was disappointed in it, for she liked a story. But the dancing was rather beautiful. The performance began with a lively song and dance number, then later there was a girl like a slender lily, with white-gold hair, dressed in black lace, and she danced like thistledown blown about a summer garden.

"That's Zoe someone or other. Friend of Margaret's. Ran away from home and took this up. She's doing jolly well. I'll go round and see her in the interval. Perhaps she'll ask us behind," said Leon.

Zoe not only danced, she sang. She sang in a sweet, low, husky voice that had something infinitely touching about it.

"Attractive kid," whispered Leon. "I daresay you've heard the gossip. They say that—"

Elspeth made shocked clicking sounds with her tongue and did not encourage him. She made a point of never listening to gossip.

Leon Gardulla went round with Margaret to see the girl in her dressing-room during the interval. They came back very elated.

"Zoe has a party at Francani's. She's bringing along one or two others, and we're to join her. Cabaret, supper, and dancing."

Elspeth nodded amiably. It did not concern her. Neither she nor Walter cared about dancing, and after the theatre they liked to go home.

When the play ended, she slipped her hand through Walter's arm.

"Let's make a dash for it, and find the car before the rush comes. I've said good-bye to Leon and Margaret for both of us."

He looked at her in a queer way, as if he hardly recognised her at first, and thought she was a stranger.

"We're going on to Francani's," he said.

"Don't be silly, dear. It's far too late. Besides, you know you don't like—"

"We're going to Francani's," he repeated stubbornly. "For once I'm going to do as I like."

"Nonsense, Walter. I want to get home. To the children."

He stared at her for a second, still with that queer blank look.

Lit windows all down the avenue! Outwardly all was well, but at No. 20 the Patersons faced a crisis. Here is the second story of the series in which DOROTHY BLACK, famous author, takes you right into Other People's Homes.



Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

Leon went with Margaret to see the dancer in her dressing-room.

"Then go home to the children," he said. "I'll come back with the Gardullas. They'll drop me."

She was angry. Walter practically never thwarted her. Usually he fell in calmly with any plan she liked to make, not caring. She knew he did not expect her to go home. She would teach him a lesson, and leave him, taking him at his word. Instead of driving home comfortably in his own limousine, he would be crowded in with the Gardullas. They always went about with eight people in a five-seater.

"Very well!" She left him and drove home, alone, smiling to herself in the darkness at the thought of how surprised Walter would be when he found her really gone.

She was asleep when he returned, and did not hear him come in. Very thoughtfully, he slept in his dressing-room, so as not to disturb her.

Mark started his ear trouble next

day. They called in Doctor Barlow from Number 9. He did not say it was—but he would not say it was not—mastoid. She took Mark to sleep in her room. She always took the children to sleep in her room when there was anything wrong with them, and she was really anxious about Mark.

So Walter had to remain in his dressing-room.

He never said anything about it, but something in his manner told her he wasn't pleased.

It was an extraordinarily busy autumn. Night after night Walter was kept late in the City and returned tired and morose. One way and another she saw hardly anything of him.

It was towards the end of September that he came abruptly into her room one day and stood looking out of the window for some moments in silence.

Then he said, and somehow she

got the impression he did not find it easy to speak quite naturally. "I've been overdoing it lately, Elspeth. Feeling a bit done in. Come away for a fortnight with me. Let's have a jaunt together—Paris."

He turned and faced her, and she saw that queer, strained, wistful look in his eyes. She said quickly:

"Walter, I can't possibly. You know quite well nurse is just off for her holiday and I have promised to take the children down to Hayling Island."

"Put nurse's holiday off. I'll settle the brats. They can go later."

"Later the weather won't be good enough. And, anyway, I can't very well change and upset nurse. And you know how I hate to disappoint the children."

He shouldn't be so inconsiderate. He ought to look ahead, and not spring these wild plans at the eleventh hour.

"I'm sorry, Walter. I can't possibly."



The performance began with a lively song and dance number.

HE did a thing he hadn't done for a long time. He pleaded with her.

"Elspeth, do as I ask, this once. Put me before the children for once. I most particularly want you . . ."

"If you have children you must make sacrifices for them. I'd like to come, Walter, but I can't."

He smiled then, a queer, tight little smile. He took away his hand.

"All right, Elspeth. Take your children to the seaside," he said quietly.

He went away.

She sat looking after him, biting her pen. She had a queer feeling that they had come to the cross roads, and that something had been settled in their lives she knew nothing of and could not understand. She had a queer feeling that she had done something irrevocable. She found herself unable to get out of her mind that look on Walter's face, that strange note in his voice, that queer little smile.

"I'm getting nervy!" she said, angry with herself. A calm, unruffled atmosphere was absolutely necessary for the right bringing-up of children.

She went to the seaside.

The weather was wet. The rooms she had chosen for their remarkable cheapness turned out to be correspondingly nasty. She found herself thinking a lot about Walter.

Had she been silly not to go with him? Of late, she knew, they had been drifting apart. It all dated from the Gardullas' theatre party, and his coming back alone, and sleeping in his dressing-room. And then Mark's getting ill had made that arrangement go on.

It threatened to go on indefinitely. "I'll have to put an end to all that when he comes back. I'll have to be specially nice to him. Poor old Walter, he really is rather a pet."

Walter wrote to her, with his usual regularity, the usual kind of letters. He began them "My dearest Elspeth," and ended "With fondest love, your very loving Walter." Just as of old. But, for all that, she sensed a change. She had the feeling Walter had had difficulty in filling the customary four pages.

She found herself looking forward passionately to going home. She arrived three days before Walter, in nice time to get the house in order for him.

She was bustling about, wearing an old overall, when Margaret's car stopped at the door and Margaret herself came in. How pretty she was, Margaret Gardulla. She had on a new clover outfit Elspeth had not seen before.

It would look nice copied in brown and yellow. Elspeth made a note of it. And Margaret's bronzy hair was as immaculate as a painted cap. She wore her fox fur. Leon had given them to her for her birthday. People said Margaret had only mar-

ried Leon for his money, forced into it by a designing parent. Elspeth did not believe a word of it. They were an ideal couple, happy as the day is long.

"Elspeth," said Margaret, perching on the arm of the sofa. "Come to town with me. I'm going shopping, and I have an urge to take you in hand and re-edit you. Would you mind?"

"Well—what exactly do you mean by that?"

"Get you up a treat, darling, to surprise old Walter with the beauty of his own wife when he comes back."

Elspeth laughed. "Don't be silly, dear. The days when Walter and I could surprise one another are over."

Margaret did not look at her. Margaret played with her rings, and swung a restless foot, and said: "Don't be too sure!"

"And it's no good talking about shopping. I've done my shopping for the year, dear. Come upstairs and look."

A spasm crossed Margaret's pretty face, as if she groaned in spirit. She perched on the edge of Elspeth's bed, and gingerly inspected the little sale bargains, chosen heartily but without any taste, that Elspeth held up for her inspection.

"Yes, dear. Very nice."

What could one say!

"And this?" She laid a tentative hand, with beautifully manicured nails, on a dress length of nonde-

script elephant-grey chiffon—a hor-

rible color that probably accounted for what was a good piece of material being very much marked down.

"That," said Elspeth, with pride, "is going to be my new winter evening frock. I shall have it made up in time for your Christmas party!"

"Elspeth," said Margaret, urgently, speaking in a funny, hurried fashion that was unlike her usual nonchalant way, "let me give you a frock for the Christmas party. A black frock, with a full skirt and a gold sash. I saw it in a shop and I thought at once how sweet you'd look in it. And gold shoes. And we'll go and get your hair . . ."

Elspeth stared at her in dumb amazement.

"My dear Margaret, what are you talking about? Why on earth should you give me a frock? I never heard of anything quite so preposterous!"

Outraged pride turned Elspeth's little soft face a bright pink. Really, things were coming to a nice pass if Margaret was going to try to patronise her, Elspeth Paterson, for all the world as if she were young Millie Winter, or that poor, down-at-heel creature Mrs. Walters.

"If you want to go dispensing charity," said Elspeth very stiffly,

"hadn't you better turn your attention to Mrs. Walters? I saw her at the stores this morning looking like a perambulating rag-bag!"

"Darling, I'm not trying to dispense charity. I'm only trying in my blundering way to help. I'm—I'm—oh, don't be cross. Forget it." And then she asked, still in that queer, half-shy fashion: "And how's old Walter? Heard from him lots?"

"Of course I have," said Elspeth stiffly. What a silly question. Husbands and wives always wrote to one another regularly!

She had his things moved back to her room. She had his bed made up as usual beside hers. She ordered his favorite dinner, and put on the black tulle frock she had freshened up so cleverly no one would guess it wasn't new.

But she knew in her heart that for some reason the evening was a failure. And later she heard him telling Edith, the maid, to make his bed up in his dressing-room, as before.

"I've been sleeping badly," he explained. "I don't want to disturb you."

He looked, she thought, thinner and older.

In his dressing-room he remained.

In a way it worried Elspeth just a little, but she forgot her problems in the excitement of preparing for Christmas. Christmas is the children's feast, and Elspeth had always done her children well.

The stack of parcels, in the cupboard she kept locked in the spare room, was growing steadily. Mark had his first bicycle.

Morna had an expensive doll she had long pined for. And she had a dozen bright silk handkerchiefs for Walter.

As Christmas approached, Elspeth became vaguely doubtful about those handkerchiefs. Seen at home, they were just a little bit brighter than she had bargained for. Walter didn't care for anything very startling in his attire. Ought she, perhaps, to keep these by her for odd birthdays and celebrations of that kind, and get him something else?

What?

Men are so difficult to shop for. She ruminated over the problem, laying the handkerchiefs out occasionally and looking them over, until the day before Christmas Eve. Then she knew she had to make up her mind, for she was bound on her last shopping expedition.

She wasn't in the habit of going much into Walter's room. His clothes were looked after by Edith, who had had him in hand for five years. She left him with confidence to Edith's competent ministrations.

It was kindly desire to try to find out what he really wanted that made her open his dressing-table drawer that cold winter's day.

She had just decided that what Walter could do with was some really nice new hair-brushes, when she caught sight of a parcel. A little parcel wrapped in white tissue paper, tucked away at the back of his handkerchiefs, and her heart began to beat hard.

Walter's Christmas present to her, obviously! And, by the look of it, jewellery. She couldn't help it. She simply had to see! With careful fingers that trembled with excitement she undid the soft white wrappings and caught her breath at the little white suede case inside.

"Oh!" gasped Elspeth, "how lovely . . ."

On a sapphire-blue velvet background lay a brooch of sapphires and diamonds. It was shaped like a heart, with a diamond arrow going through it, and on it in diamonds the words:

"A toi."

HE must have bought it for her in Paris! Tears filled her eyes. Tears of real affection and gratitude. It touched her to the heart that he should take so much trouble and buy her this lovely thing.

She went out and bought him the best pair of hair-brushes she could find at short notice. Ivory, with his initials in silver. It had been, she knew, wrong of her to look, but she was glad she had.

It transformed the whole of Christmas for her. She was as excited as the children for the moment to come when the Christmas tree was lit and the presents opened at last. When Edith rang the ceremonial gong to signify that they could all go in and open their parcels, on Christmas Eve, she held out her hand to Walter with a little excited laugh, her fingers closing round his more warmly than they had done for a long time.

Please turn to page 38

What shall I give?

The most sensible gift of all—the world's finest Eau de Cologne. Refreshing and enveloping with a delicious perfume.

In Six Sizes 2/11, 5/-, 9/-, etc.

EAU DE COLOGNE by COTY

YOU SEE, DEAR, I PROMISED

**Drama of a man who thought he could
lightly set aside the ties of love and home.**

By . . .

NELL MACGREGOR

IT'S a terrible thing, Sheila, to love a woman as I love you!"

Bruce Carmichael halted his restless pacing. His fine face was haggard. "I can't eat. I can't sleep. But I must go home for Christmas. I promised my children."

Sheila Fitzmorriss looked up at him in silence. The gold of her hair and the deep amber of her gown made lustrous color against the black and white and chromium of the sitting-room in the smart New York hotel.

Bruce's eyes followed her hands, fascinated by the exquisite curve of the slender fingers about her long cigarette-holder. He had never cared for red-lacquered nails, but on her hands they had the beauty of flawless jewels.

"Would you really desert me, darling?"

"Sheila, you know they've been expecting me so long—I'd planned to be away just a month or so, and I've stayed nine. I've never missed Christmas with them. Once I came all the way from Singapore."

"But, Bruce, everything has changed—"

"The children haven't changed. And they're counting on my coming home. It's just for two weeks, Sheila. And it's the last time. After this I'll always be with you."

She smiled at him then.

"You're a courageous man, Bruce Carmichael—wanting to follow up that letter you wrote your wife. Out of a clear sky you ask her for a divorce and tell her to explain everything to the children. And then you plan to run home for a Merry Christmas!"

"But I must make my children understand, darling. They mustn't feel I don't love them. We'll always want them to visit us."

"Of course." Half-veiled by their long black lashes her deep blue eyes studied him intently. "You intrigue me, Bruce. I can't imagine a man who's always written life-in-the-raw stories as you have being so naively sentimental over Christmas."

Bruce started to speak, then turned away to the great window whose plate-glass surface filled one wall of the room. In the grey-blue of late afternoon the tall buildings of the city were silhouetted in magle beauty. He stared out at them in silence.

And then, unbidden, another scene superimposed itself upon the one before him. Dark pine trees he saw, weighed down with snow—he saw them set like a crown on rolling hills.

Bruce started as a hand slid through his arm. So had Barbara often come to stand beside him at their own great window, slipping her arm through his as they looked out upon their home skyline. But this woman's touch made his blood leap in his veins. He gripped her hand and raised it to his lips.

"I know it's hard for you, Bruce." Her shining head was on his shoulder. "You were a famous man when we found each other in New York that night; but you've come a long way since that. This book you've just finished is a milestone, and I'm proud—"

"You were the inspiration of that book, Sheila. Everything I'd written so enthusiastically in my first month away went into the dustbin when I met you. You gave me a whole new world."

"Don't leave it then, Bruce." Her hand touched his cheek caressingly. "You simply can't afford to miss the sort of people my hosts are asking for Friday night. If you're going to write about society people now you must know them; everyone worth while goes to the Vanderwards—they know all the gossip of America."

Then, when he did not answer, she said, "And I'll be there."

Hungerily he drew her close.

"I'm thinking only of your own good, darling," she went on.

"Flying conditions favorable."

Bruce was grateful for that as he

was driven to the aerodrome several days later.

His face was drawn with fatigue. It had been three o'clock when he left the crowded room the night before, and at noon he had seen Sheila off to join a Christmas house party. The affair of last night had been a brilliant one, as she had promised.

John Thurston, publisher of his books, had cornered him at the bar last night, and surveyed him frowningly.

"So you're becoming a play-boy, are you?"

"No, John—just getting the atmosphere."

"Why aren't you at home for Christmas?"

"I will be. I'll arrive there on Christmas morning. I'm flying over."

He wondered if Thurston suspected.

Now, as his taxi drew up at the aerodrome, he saw his friend, muffled against the cold, standing beside the door.

"Don't tell me you've come to see me off!"

"Hardly. Just happened to be here."

"Have you looked over that manuscript?"

"Haven't had a chance."

"You're getting something this time, John. Wire me when you read it. I'm anxious to get your reaction."

JOHAN THUR-

STON'S eyes were sombre as they shook hands.

"You're a lucky man. A bachelor's Christmas is an empty thing. I hope the kids like the books I sent. And Barbara—give her my love. Tell her I'm longing to see her again. Merry Christmas to you all!"

"Merry Christmas!"

Bruce watched the white earth drop away beneath them with sudden consternation.

Would anyone meet him? he wondered. He had wired Barbara the time he was arriving. What if Sheila was right, and his children turned against him? With divorce as common as it was these days, they'd surely soon get over any resentment they might feel at first. He could make ample provision for them—and for Barbara. He would probably never see Barbara again after this time.

In spite of himself the realisation shook him. He had loved her devotedly when he went away. But

never madly, intoxicatingly—as he loved Sheila. Bruce turned a page of his paper and stared unseeingly. He must not allow himself to think of the past.

But rising before him was the Barbara of years ago, as he saw her first.

*"It's over.
You can
go," Bar-
bara said
curtly.*

She was not beautiful—except for her eyes. But he was struck anew each time he saw her by her magnetic vitality.

His paper crumpled in his hand. He tossed it aside. He dozed fitfully

at last. And dreamed of Barbara before the fireplace, telling stories to the children—bringing back a vivid memory of that night John Thurston first visited them and appeared unannounced at their home. Bruce

had just stepped out on the terrace for a breath of fresh air when his taxi swung into the drive. Without thinking, he ushered him into the big sitting-room.

Barbara, looking like some school-

girl in her gay knitted suit, lay on the floor before the fireplace, waving her small, flat-heeled shoes unconcernedly in the air.

Please turn to page 10

Illustrated
by
CONDON



DES CONDON

KING'S TALK WITH SYDNEY AIRMEN



MRS. V. CALVIGNAC, mother of Squadron-Leader Mulholland. (Inset) The King.

Norman Mulholland found him "like one of the boys"

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Representative.

When Australian Squadron-Leader Norman George Mulholland stepped down from his Wellington bomber before dawn after his twenty-third raid on Germany, the first man he met at the R.A.F. station was the King.

HIS MAJESTY spent a night at the station watching the work of the squadron. He was present when Mulholland and crew made out their reports, and he joined in the questions asked of the men back from the bombing raid.

Mulholland, who was born in Sydney and then went to Brisbane Grammar School, has his plane emblazoned with a flying kangaroo in yellow with an orange bomb under its front paw.

The King smiled as he saw the "joey" in the kangaroo's pouch, also the bomb under its arm.

Underneath the kangaroo a boomerang is painted.

When I spoke to Mulholland about the King's visit he said: "I told the King all the crew swear by this boomerang, which has brought us back safely from many pretty sticky raids."

Of medium height, with clear-cut features and dark hair, a cheerful grin revealing a flash of regular teeth, Squadron-Leader Mulholland was delighted at meeting the King. "His Majesty came into the room and listened while we were given our targets."

"We did not know he'd be waiting for us on our return, and we were surprised to find him ready to meet us and hear our reports."

"The King said to me: 'Were you able to drop your bombs on the target?' I was glad I was able to say yes."

"The King asked me what it was like. Was there much noise and much opposition?"

"I told him the weather was not much good, being nine-tenths cloud, but we managed to pick up a bend in the Rhine and find the railway marshalling yards at Cologne and unload the bombs."

"I told him how Jerry was still playing foxy and there were no searchlights until we dropped the load of bombs, then fifteen lights came up, making a cone, while the guns threw everything towards us in the apex of light."

"While I was on the trip to Cologne the King was told of my repeated requests to be allowed to go to America during my leave and fly over a 'Flying Fortress'."

"When I returned the King asked me: 'How do you think you could get over there and back during your leave?' I said: 'I'll manage that somehow if given the opportunity.'"

Met the planes

TALKING of the King's visit, Mulholland said: "We were all thrilled, as it is the first time the King has spent a night at a R.A.F. station."

"Ours was the first plane he met."

"He has amazing knowledge of aircraft and the way we operate them. He talked to all the crew, shared our hot beef tea and cocoa, and though it was terribly cold he left us from time to time to meet more planes as they came back."

"Later he went down to the sergeants' mess and had supper."

"While he was with us he was just like one of the boys. He might have been operating from our station, we were all so at home with him."

"He talked to me of shooting because I spend most of my time off pleasant shooting."

"When he left just before dawn he shook hands and wished me 'good shooting' because I was about to have a few days off with the guns."

Before learning to fly at the Queensland Aero Club under the tuition of C. W. A. Scott, Mulholland was a jackaroo at Columbo

station, Charleville. He joined Kingsford Smith's Australian National Airways, and then left to become a cadet at Point Cook.

In 1932 he transferred to the R.A.F.

During his four years in the R.A.F. he has been in the Guard of Honor at Buckingham Palace for King George's Jubilee, and wears the Jubilee ribbon on his tunic.

He left the R.A.F. to join Imperial Airways, going back to the R.A.F. at the outbreak of war.

Until the Cologne raid Mulholland's second pilot was Pilot-Officer Albert Tindall, of Rockdale, a former Newington College boy, who came over to England just before the outbreak of war, and trained at Cranwell aerodrome.

On the first trip as captain of his own plane, Tindall put up such a remarkable feat against four Messerschmitts that his wing-commander gave the King a graphic description of the fight.

When most of the flying instruments were shot away and with petrol pouring from the tanks, Tindall limped home on one engine.

The wing-commander is also from the Dominions, being H. I. Dabinett, of Wanganui, New Zealand.

He was the first R.A.F. officer in action after Mr. Chamberlain's declaration of war. He flew to attack the German Fleet.

Dabinett has been eleven times in Germany during the last few months.

Gallant son has gallant mother

SQUADRON-LEADER MULHOLLAND'S mother is Mrs. V. Calvignac, who lives on a 240-acre farm near Helensburgh, N.S.W.

She did not know until The Australian Women's Weekly told her that her son had met the King. She had thought that he was an instructor in the R.A.F.

"I'm so proud of him," she said, her eyes lighting up.

Continued on page 12

SQUADRON-LEADER MULHOLLAND met the King after his return from bombing Cologne—his twenty-third raid.



Choose
Pelaco
Shirts

THEY'RE GOOD
THEY FIT...AND
THE PATTERNS
ARE BEAUTIFUL

Pelaco
SHIRTS

WITH SPOTWELDED COLLARS

Sydney's Christmas treat for the men in uniform...



THOUSANDS of soldiers from camps all over Australia will be travelling home on eight days' Christmas leave on December 19.

Families plan stay-at-home parties to entertain "the boys"

Christmas will mean eight days' leave and a chance to eat Christmas dinner at home for A.I.F. men.

The R.A.A.F. will have to fit their Christmas good cheer into two days and there will also be brief leave for at least a section of the Navy.

THOUSANDS of soldiers will be heading for home in special trains from camps all over Australia on December 19, confident that they won't have to think about the army again till December 27.

Thousands of families in all States are planning to stay at home over the festive season to give a welcome to relatives in the fighting forces.

Other families who have no men of their own in the various services are cheerfully forgoing their annual and summer trip to the seaside or the hills to throw open their homes and turn on Christmas fare for airmen, sailors, and for some soldiers, too, who are far from their real homes.

R.A.A.F. and Navy leave depends largely on the amount of work to be covered about Christmas time.

Airmen are entitled to four days' leave per quarter. Many of them will arrange to add those days to Christmas Day and Boxing Day.

Those who remain at R.A.A.F. stations and in A.I.F. camps will have special spreads on Christmas Day.

Fighting men overseas are

not forgotten. Australian Comforts Fund has packed and despatched a Christmas hamper, including plum pudding and Christmas cake, as well as other luxuries, for every man both inside and outside Australia.

The N.S.W. Comforts Fund has sent 23,000 Christmas hampers to men in the fighting services overseas.

Our Defence Forces co-operate in Christmas dinner manoeuvres.



OH, BOY! THAT'S WHAT I CALL WHITENESS!

NEW RINSO'S A WINNER, HONEY!

AND LOOK AT LAST YEAR'S FROCK! ISN'T IT GAY? RINSO KEEPS COLOURS BRIGHT AS A SPRING MORNING!

BET YOU THOUGHT THESE SILKS AND WOOLLIES WERE NEW! THAT'S RINSO WASHING FOR YOU!

AN EXTRA PACKET OF RINSO FOR WASHING-UP, SAYS I! THOSE SUDS SHIFT GREASE LIKE LIGHTNING.

GIVES RICHER, LONGER-LASTING SUDS

The answer to the housewives' prayer—easier, quicker washing days with NEW RINSO! Those extra-rich suds take care of everything in the wash—from sheets to sheepest stockings! And how they last! They don't stop working till your wash is cleaner, sweeter and brighter than ever before. A toast to the biggest, time, work and money-saving washing product on the market—Rinso!

A LEVER PRODUCT

4.388.77

These were packed by members of the Ladies' Golf Union.

Men who form the skeleton staffs in all the camps will receive Christmas parcels from the fund.

Cables and Christmas cards are being sent by members of Letters-from-Home to lonely soldiers, sailors, and airmen, with whom the members correspond.

Each member has already sent a Christmas parcel to each man, and members have offered to provide Christmas hospitality for lonely soldiers who may be in camp here.

A dance on the Saturday before Christmas, carol-singing on the Sunday, and Christmas cakes and other specialities have been arranged by the Y.W.C.A. for men of the services.

Members of the association have provided 1000 Christmas gifts to distribute among their guests.

Canteens will be gaily decorated with Christmas trees, and will provide poultry dinners, plum puddings, and Christmas cakes.

Anzac Buffet and the All-Services Canteen will provide a real home Christmas for men who may be too far away from home to be with their families for Christmas, or who have not been offered home hospitality here.

Many festivals

SO many of the 25 groups of women who staff the Anzac Buffet want to give the men a Christmas party that there will be about a fortnight of festivities.

The first Christmas party at the buffet will be given by Roseville members, and there will be one every day up to New Year's Eve, when the British Israel Association will provide New Year hospitality.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Limbless Soldiers' Association will give a Christmas party at the Buffet on December 29 to celebrate the first anniversary of their opening of the buffet.

The ten groups of women who staff St. Andrew's canteen have planned Christmas festivities.

The Canadian Women's Association will be in charge on Christmas Day and will cater for between 800 and 1000 meals.

There will be both hot and cold Christmas dinners at midday and in the evening.

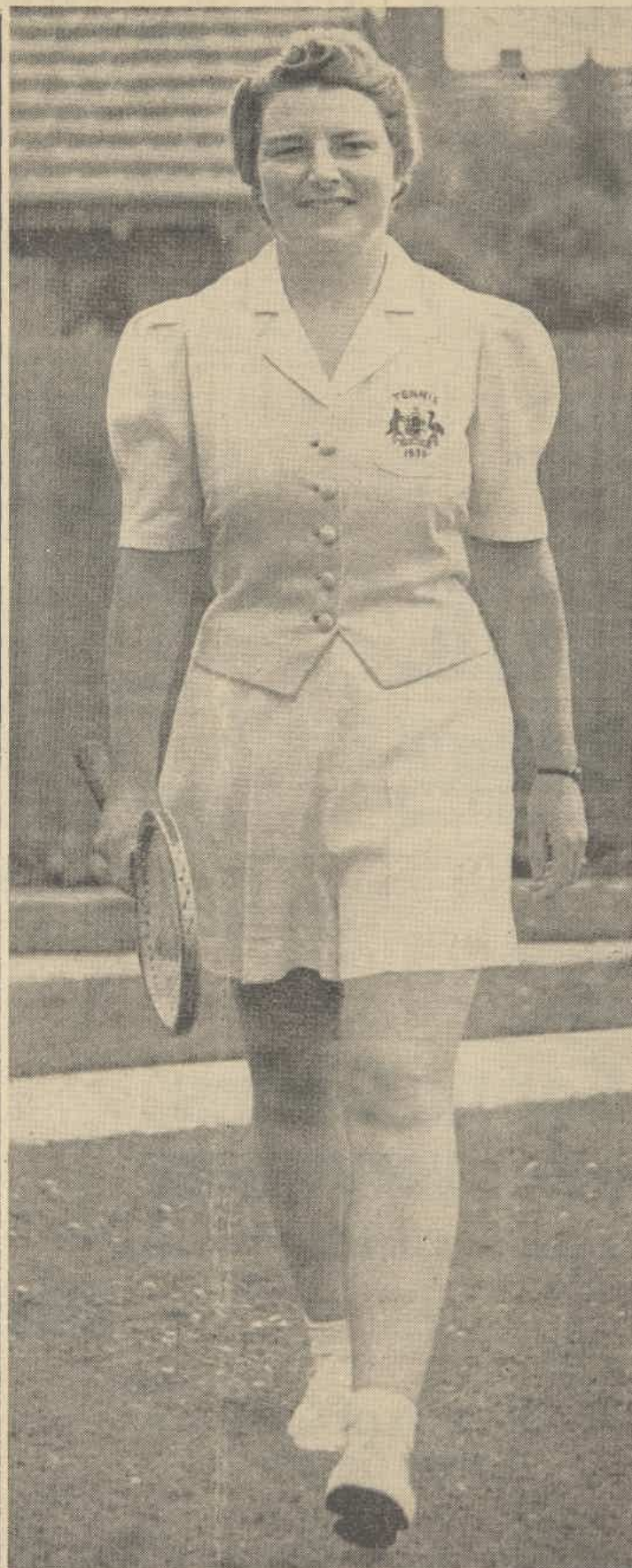
A party of members spent two days making 200 lbs. of Christmas pudding.

There will be roast turkey and ham and Christmas pudding at the C.U.S.A. hut in the Domain for several hundred men.

Concerts and carol-singing parties arranged at every camp by the Salvation Army will be a prelude to Christmas leave.

Home is the best place at Christmas time, but thousands of civilian men and women are doing their best to see that the man in uniform who can't get home over Christmas won't be a lonely or a hungry man.

CHAMPIONS PLAY IN PATRIOTIC MATCHES



John Bromwich • Australia's ambidextrous Davis Cup player Bromwich won the singles championship of New South Wales for the fourth year in succession—a record—and has since been playing in the wartime fund-raising championship matches in Victoria. Secret of his success is stamina, allied with determination and speed. He's usually one thought ahead of his opponent and so manages to be in the right spot at the right moment. Has some unorthodox strokes—is ambidextrous, plays balls on his left hand with his left hand as forehand strokes and uses both hands to play what would be ordinary forehand balls. Has overcome his earlier shyness, is happy-go-lucky in temperament. A good sport—good winner, good loser. In expert opinion he is one of world's three best players—well matched by only Quist and Bobby Riggs of America.

Thelma Coyne • Became singles champion of New South Wales for third time and then left Sydney for Melbourne to play in wartime matches there. With Mrs. Hopman she also won the N.S.W. doubles for the fourth successive year. A delightful personality on the court, Miss Coyne is almost stroke perfect, her backhand as good as her forehand. She smashes well and has a beautiful volley. She never shows signs of being rattled or having a troublesome temperament. She announced her engagement recently to Mr. Maurice Long and is planning her wedding for early in the new year. She will live in Melbourne and then all four members of the Australian women's team which toured the world in 1938 will be married women with their homes there. They propose to form a "Married Ladies' Team" and issue challenges to the spinsters.

LOOK Younger

LOVELIER BY TOMORROW MORNING!



Age shows itself in "Loose Skin." Prove this for yourself. Look in your mirror. Notice the little lines and wrinkles. Now draw the skin tight with your fingers, and presto! Years drop from your age. It is this "Facial Draw" that FACIAL YOUTH so successfully combats. Containing costly "Vitacel" it tones up loose, tired face muscles and tissues, combats excess skin acidity, defeats blemishes, ends wrinkles, blackheads, open pores, shiny or greasy nose, giving you a clearer, softer, lovelier complexion. Facial Youth is also the ideal powder "base." 1/3, 1/9, 3/8 everywhere.

KATHLEEN COURT'S

'Facial Youth'

Beautiful CREAM

GOODBYE TO GREYNESS OR GOODBYE TO YOUTH

In just 30 minutes INECTO will recolor your hair—make you look and feel ten years younger. INECTO cannot be detected and will not rub nor wash off because it colours the hair FROM THE INSIDE. It shades to choose from that never fade and are absolutely permanent. Consult your hairdresser or buy from your chemist. Full instructions with each package.

INECTO

HAIR COLOURING

Septic Germs Lurk Everywhere

The Least Scratch will let them in!

But no germ can get into a scratch when you apply Cuticura Ointment. No germ can live in contact with Cuticura. It gives you the protection of soothing, medicinal and antiseptic properties which have made Cuticura Ointment world-famed for its unfailing success in relieving itching, smarting and inflammation, and in clearing the skin of stubborn, disfiguring eruptions.

A touch of Cuticura Keeps Germs Out!

Cuticura Ointment is equally successful when used for Pimples, Boils, Heat Blotches, Inflamed Rashes and Chronic Itching Eruptions. It quickly stops Itching and Smarting Pain and soon Clears the Skin.

NOTE—Skin sufferers should use only Cuticura Soap in the bath and for washing. It has wonderful soothing and emollient properties which are highly beneficial to the skin and complexion.



1/3 and 2/6 a tin
Buy a tin today and be prepared

SOOTHES AND CLEARS THE SKIN

You See, Dear, I Promised

Continued from page 6

NANCY, their youngest, sat in the middle of her back, while Alan, Betty and Bill sprawled close, listening to the story she was telling.

Quite unabashed, and making no move to rise, Barbara extended a hand to the eminent publisher.

"This is the children's hour, Mr. Thurston. The story's almost finished. We'd be glad if you'd join us—unless you and Bruce are too grown-up-to-night and prefer to be proper in the study."

Thurston sat on the floor beside her.

"May we call each other by our first names, as children should? Go on, I'm all ears."

A setter immediately tried to climb into Bruce's lap. It had always claimed him for its own.

Barbara finished the story, and there was a warm light in Thurston's eyes as she stood up and went to the piano for the children's good-night song.

"I'll come back and make coffee for you," she promised, as she accompanied her brood upstairs.

Barbara and Thurston parted the following morning vowing eternal friendship. It was the beginning of a rare companionship among the three.

Suddenly there came to Bruce overwhelming realization of what he was facing. What was he going to say to Barbara? Despairingly he wondered why he had been so blind. Sheila had been right. It was going to be too hard for all of them.

As he neared home he became aware of a growing excitement beneath his despondency. The children—nine months—as a long time to be away. Little Nancy would be taller. And the boys—and Betty—Had they missed him much? How would child-n feel towards a father who was leaving their mother to marry another woman?

Why had he ever asked that they be told the truth—and just before Christmas? That letter had probably caught Barbara totally unprepared. Nothing in her letters had ever indicated any suspicion, even when the papers published several photographs of him with Sheila. He looked at his watch. The time was short now.

At last! He stepped from the plane.

And then he saw them. Barbara, her face radiant. The four children beaming with joy.

"Bruce!" Barbara's arms were about him. Her eyes for one swift second searched his before she kissed him.

Dazedly he kissed her. The children hurried themselves upon him.

The thing stunned him. It was incredible. His letter must have been lost! So far as they knew, things were as they had always been. There would be no hurt questioning, no difficult explanations. He laughed hilariously. He would give them a Christmas they could never forget. Then he'd be free—for Sheila.

Barbara, close beside him, clasped his hand tightly in hers as Alan took the wheel of the car. He had almost forgotten how infectious her laughter was. She looked thinner, and there was unusual transparency in her clear skin. But he had never seen her so full of gaiety.

The children all talked at once, fairly exploding with questions and information.

"Where are the dogs, Bill?" he asked.

"THEY'RE at home, Dad—howling their heads off for you. We showed them some of your old shoes and told them you were coming back, and they went mad."

"It's a madhouse, Bruce," laughed Barbara.

Alan grinned swiftly over his shoulder.

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

- 1.—Our King's birthday falls this week, on Saturday, December 14. Did you know that his full name is Edward Albert Henry George — Albert Frederick Arthur George — George Arthur Albert Edmund — George Albert Edward.
- 2.—Talking of our Royal Family, can you name, from these, the first four Ladies in the Land, in order of precedence? Queen Mary—Princess Elizabeth — Princess Margaret Rose — the Princess Royal — the Duchess of Gloucester—Queen Elizabeth.
- 3.—Of course you'll have Brazil nuts among your Christmas delicacies. This nut grows on a kind of Myrtle — ash — palm — shrub — vine.
- 4.—Here's one to test your observation. That large star, standing away by itself on the Australian flag, has how many points? Three — four — five — six — seven — eight — nine.
- 5.—Hark the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King. Those lines from one of the best-known Christmas hymns were written by George Herbert — Alice Meynell — Robert Herrick — Charles Wesley — Christina Rossetti.
- 6.—At a wedding, the flowers decorating the church should be paid for by The bride's parents — the bridegroom's parents — the bridegroom — the best man.
- 7.—Britain has decided to continue her daylight saving—summer time they mostly call it—all through the year, for the duration. The idea of daylight saving was first put forward by Lloyd George — William Willett — Disraeli — Charles Adam — Joseph Chamberlain—Gladstone.
- 8.—What's a clavicle? A collar bone — a musical instrument — an old-fashioned vehicle — a kind of chant.
- 9.—You've really only yourself to blame if you haven't checked up on the Dodecanese Islands and found that they lie Just off the north-east coast of Greece — off the Dardanelles — almost midway between southern Greece and Turkey — off the south-west coast of Turkey.
- 10.—While we're splashing round in the sea—ideal occupation these summer days—a nautical mile, compared with a land mile, is Longer — the same — shorter.

Answers on page 12

Animal Antics



"Impudent young pup! Hitch-hiking again!"

Bruce was glad to escape. He needed to get a hold on himself. His first elation had vanished, and he was gripped with unspeakable misery.

He had a bath and rubbed his weary body. The thought of the letter haunted him. Barbara should have had it five days ago. It had probably been delayed in the rush of Christmas and might still turn up. He'd have to watch for it. If she should open such a thing today—after his pretence!

Somehow Bruce got through the afternoon. Friends came and went, welcoming him with delight. "How does it feel to be an international celebrity?" they asked. "How do you like the film versions of your books?" "How did you enjoy being lionised by the most beautiful woman in New York?"

But brief respite came in the early evening, when Bruce excused himself while the others were engaged with neighbors.

"I'm going out for a breath of air," he said.

He shut the door on the protesting setter. He needed to be absolutely alone. In the quiet dusk the fir trees glittered with snow.

"Hi, Dad! Wait a minute!" Long-legged Alan bounded down the steps. "D'you mind if I come, too? It's great to have you home again. We certainly missed you in the summer holidays. You know—that time I wrote to you—"

Bruce made answers in places seeming to demand them. His tongue apparently functioned independently. He was amazed presently to hear himself talking earnestly to his son.

"My sort of work will always take me away, Alan. A writer has to gather material and color. If—anything should ever happen to me, take my place to the best of your ability. I'm proud of you, son. You can be an example to Bill. And a wonderful help to your mother. Promise me you'll stand by her—always. There is no one—finer—than your mother."

Please turn to page 12

KEEP FIGHTING FIT... Take Eno!

Even if you're not in uniform, but just "carrying on," it's your duty to keep cheerful by keeping fighting fit. This is impossible if you suffer from faulty elimination, indigestion, sick headaches, or other stomach disorders. A sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" first thing every morning will keep you in perfect health by correcting acidity, and giving your system just the help it needs to dismiss gently and thoroughly poisonous food waste. Get a bottle to-day.

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MAL AND GINGER . . . on a mile-a-minute holiday

Caravan trip that took them down on the farm

By MAL VERCO and GINGER,
Australia's famous radio entertainers.

We are just back from camping. It was a lovely holiday. I don't think.

But I'd better begin at the beginning.

Ginger started talking about the joys of country life . . . about birds singing and cows bleating and dogs moo-ing. I stood it until he tried to tell me that horses barked . . . then I cut him short.

"GINGER," I said, "Don't talk rot" (just like that).

"Well," said the "red terror," in a hurt voice, "if it's any news to you, I was brought up on a farm."

"I wish you'd never left it," I said.

"Well . . . we had a pretty crook season, and we had to give it up," Ginger said sadly . . . so sadly that out of compassion I pretended to be interested.

"So you had to give up the farm, eh?"

"Yeah . . . that year our wheat crop was so short we had to lather it before we could mow it."

I picked up a book. To read. No, not to throw at him. I'm gradually getting used to Ginger.

"Anyway," he said, in an aggrieved voice, "let's go camping. I wanna go camping. I WANNA GO IN A CARAVAN . . . YORTA SEE HOW I DO IN A CARAVAN."

When Ginger gets like that, it's easiest to give in. So we went to Bowral for the week-end. I couldn't make out why he wanted to go to Bowral, but when he explained that if we ran out of petrol we could roll home I just gave in.

The first trouble hit us when we stopped, 60 miles out, for more petrol. Ginger had left the tickets at home.

He argued with the men at the petrol pump for about 20 minutes before they gave in. They shouldn't, but they always do.

"Say . . . you drive a pretty hard bargain," said one of them, bitterly.

"Lissen . . . if you're gonna knock Verco's car, we'll get the petrol

some where else," snapped Ginger. "This car can do a mile a minute . . . it COULD do a mile a minute . . . TWO miles a minute . . . if it wasn't for one thing."

The garage man looked interested.

"What stops it?" he asked.

"The distance is too long for the shortness of the time," said Ginger solemnly.

Well, after we'd outdistanced that bloke, it got to be about lunch-time.

"I'm as hungry as a moth at a nudist camp," remarked Ginger, as I pulled up under a shady tree.

While Ginger went to have a short rest in the caravan, I started to get the lunch ready. I boil a very natty egg. Ask my wife.

I called the honored guest (that's Ginger), and we sat down to our frugal but nourishing meal.

"Say," yelled Ginger, brandishing his egg-spoon, "this egg is positively terrible."

"Hasn't it been boiled long enough?"

"It was boiled long enough . . . but not SOON enough," yelled Ginger.

Not wishful

"WHAT else have you got in the larder . . . I want my tucker. We should have gone to Gundagai, anyway."

"Can't you be satisfied where you are," I snarled, "why the heck do you want to go to Gundagai?"

"Well . . . the food in that tucker-box would be better than this rubbish," he said, eyeing the table with disfavor. So I got up and got him a chicken sandwich that I'd been saving to eat in bed.

"This is better," he said (at least that's what I think he said, he had his mouth full).

"Save me the wish-bone," I asked, humbly.

"This chicken had no wish-bone, son," said Ginger, kindly.

"No wishbone?"

"No . . . it was so happy it had nothing to wish for," he explained, and went on eating.

After lunch we went for a bit of a walk. I wish we hadn't. We came to a farmhouse after about three hours, and Ginger decided that he wanted a drink of milk.

We braved the wrath of about six dogs . . . who went mad because Ginger insisted on imitating three cats having a bit of a barney, and finally got to the farmer.

He took us down to the milking sheds.

Ginger started telling him stories about the days when he used to live on a farm.

"My uncle was a farmer!" Ginger told our rural friend. "He was a dairy farmer."

"Subsidised by the Government, I suppose," said the man.

"Subsidised by the Government! I'll say he was," enthused Ginger.

"Political pull, eh!"

"Yeah," said Ginger, "why, that man had so much political pull that he even used it to milk his cows."

The man looked a bit suspicious. "I suppose you've been a farmer, too," he said to me, with a nasty glint in his eye. "Hey?"

I mumbled, but it wasn't any good. Pointing to a cow standing near the milking shed, he shot this one at me . . . "What sort is that?"

I took a chance. "Jersey."

"Right."



WE BRAVED the wrath of about six dogs and got to the farmer.



"THIS CAR can do a mile a minute . . . TWO miles a minute," snapped Ginger.

"Blimey," muttered Ginger, "I thought it was the skin."

A horrible bellow broke forth upon the air, and Ginger clutched me like a vice. "What's that?" he muttered, "what is it?"

"Just the bull," said the farmer, nonchalantly, and pointed to where an animal looking a bit like the minotaur, only twice as ferocious, stood glaring at us.

Make the cows churn

"HEY . . . stop blushing, Mal," yelled Ginger, "cover up the sunburn on your nose . . . the bull will go mad if it sees pink."

"I thought bulls went mad when they saw red," said the farmer, in a nasty sarcastic voice.

"BUT I CAN TELL FROM HERE THAT THAT BULL'S A Sissy," said Ginger.

After I'd paid the farmer for the quart of milk that Ginger drank, he got a bit friendly again, and started to show us the butter department.

Ginger was very interested. "Lissen, fella," he said confidentially, "I could save you a lotta dough . . . a lotta sugar . . . see?"

"What's this, a Christmas pudding?" says the farmer.

"Cut it out, and lissen . . . I could save you plenty cash."

"How?" asks the farmer, getting interested, in spite of the look in Ginger's eye.

"Feed those pullovers, or Jerseys, or whatever they are, on whisky," Ginger said.

"Why?" says the farmer.

"So they get the hiccup," said Ginger. The farmer did a bit of a sneer. "Why," he says, "Why would I want MY cows to get the hiccup?"

"THEY'LL CHURN THEIR OWN MILK, THEN," said Ginger.

So we just beat the dogs to the gate, and went back to the caravan.

The shades of night were falling pretty fast by now, so I started to make up a fire. Ginger looked at

the caravan, then he looked at me. "Say, lissen, Maldie-Walsie-Palsie," he began. (That means he wants something). "Lissen Maldie Walsie . . . I don't think you'd like the country life at night . . . let's go back to the city lights, eh?"

I was pretty wild, because the whole trip was his idea, but seeing as how I'm a peace at any price sort of a chap, I agreed.

"I'll tell you what I'll do when we get home," Ginger said, "I'll make you a scram omelette . . . a beaut scram omelette . . ."

"There are no eggs in the house," I said wearily, "and anyway, even if there were any eggs, what in the name of tarnation is a scram omelette?"

"You just take two eggs—like I did up at that farm . . . and SCRAM."

"Hey, what about letting me drive home?" asked my little friend . . . MY little friend! (Oh Yeah!)

"But you haven't got a licence," I objected.

"Strike me handsome," exclaimed Ginger, a look of wonderment illuminating those rosy features . . . "Do you HAVE to have a licence to drive a car?"

"Of course," I said, shortly.

"Well," said Ginger, "What do you know about that . . . NO WONDER I COULDN'T DRIVE MY LAST BUS!"



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You See, Dear, I Promised

Continued from page 10

"I KNOW that, Dad. But don't talk about dying. Nobody could ever take your place. Our family's always been so sort of perfect."

Bruce turned homeward. He could not endure this.

"You put me to bed, Daddy," ordered little Nancy. "I've been awfully lonely without you."

His hands were unsteady as he pulled her short skirts over her tumbled curls.

Bill switched off all the lights as she was buttoned into her pink pyjamas.

"Now tell us some stories, Dad."

The settler laid his head on his knee and gazed up at him with adoring eyes. He was going to lose this dear intimacy. After this he'd have only one or two of his family at a time—never again as a family.

"Tell us about Lady Sheila Fitzmorris," demanded Betty. "I was terribly thrilled when we found those photographs of her with you. I pasted them in my scrap-book."

"Oh, no!" growled Bill. "Tell us a good old thriller, Dad, like you used to."

Bruce was grateful for the shadows of the firelit room. He could not see Barbara's face, but he could feel her dark eyes upon him. He summoned courage to the task.

But the final story was told and the final carol sung, and he carried Nancy and Bill upstairs on his shoulders.

"Thank you, God, for getting my daddy home for Christmas," murmured little Nancy on her knees beside her bed. Arms tight about his neck, ardent kisses on his cheek—Bruce was completely unstrung as he turned away from her.

Tremendous protest was rising within him. Was he to be taken in by tender memories and a baby's prayer—such stock-in-trade sentimentalities? The older children would be up for some time yet. Desperately, he realized he must get a grip on himself before he face Barbara alone.

Alan was bombarding him with questions, and Betty trying to tell him things. He saw himself an expatriate, cut off from all this. What if his children refused to visit him?

He thought uneasily of the book he'd left with Thurston. Acute distaste for it filled him suddenly. It was clever sophistry, nothing more. He knew that now. Why had he been so deluded by Sheila's praise? He shrank from what he knew John Thurston would say. And Barbara. She had an uncanny instinct for his weak spots.

He was desperately tired. His eyes turned to Barbara. Her face was hidden in shadow, but her hand, quiet on the arm of her chair, lay in the light. Aching tenderness filled him. He longed to sit at her feet and feel that hand on his head. Somehow it would bring him peace.

He was groping blindly in a chaos. He didn't want to leave home.

Sheila was like a dream to him. He could not even visualise her now. And suddenly he knew his desire for her was gone. It had been a fever. It had burned itself out and left him normal. It was as simple as that.

But this irresistible force which drew him was not just his love for his children. It was a deeper thing. He loved Barbara, always had loved her.

He was impatient for his children to go. He must tell Barbara how much he loved her. Should he confess everything? Life might never be the same again if he did. Why make her suffer for things past and dead? Thank heaven, she hadn't known.

A sharp ring of the doorbell startled him. His mouth was dry as Alan came in with an envelope. "Telegram for you, Dad."

He tore it open clumsily.

Just finished book stop cannot conceive author of Plotam guilty of this stop too brittle stop not one drop red blood in it stop get Barbara to take you in hand stop love John Thurston.

He thrust it into his pocket. He knew all this without being told.

"Dad, I don't believe you have the faintest idea what we're saying," he heard Betty declare finally. "Come on, Alan. Let's get out and give the jolly old parents a chance to talk about us. I expect mother has plenty of things to tell. We've been pretty wild, Dad."

Alan turned on the lights. "Well, it's grand having a complete set of parents again. I—I just wanted to tell you, Dad, how glad we are you're back." The boy evidently felt the occasion called for a speech and was searching for appropriate words. "Well—we're glad nothing happened to you," he finished lamely.

He put his arm round his mother as she rose.

"You look tired, mother."

"I'm fine, silly child!"

"Make her go to bed, Dad," commanded Betty. "The woman hasn't any sense. She's been so excited the last three days there's been no holding her. She's kept us in a frenzy. We've never had so much fun getting ready for Christmas."

"You'd never think she'd been ill, would you?" Alan's gaze was full of admiration. "Goeth! We were scared! She shut herself up in her room for two days and wouldn't let any of us even come near the door, for fear it was contagious. Your coming home—and Christmas—all spoiled! She was ill the very day your letter came."

Betty laughed. "And then she came out just like quicksilver—we couldn't keep up with her!"

Bruce felt Betty's warm arms about him as she kissed him good-

night. Felt his hand crushed in Alan's strong young grip.

"Well—good-night, Dad. Here's hoping you'll stay with us for a while."

He tried to steady his voice.

"I will—I promise you."

They were gone.

Only the muffled drop of charred wood in the fireplace broke the tense stillness. Bruce stared numbly. He could find no words—he who had talked so glibly all day. Never, as long as he lived, could he forget the stark pain in Barbara's eyes in that one unguarded instant when their swift glances met at Alan's innocent words. Three days she had played her role.

For an eternity he stood in shame before his own soul. Then in the depths of that abject abasement something stirred into life and lifted itself in dignity and power. Awe filled Bruce. He knew that in this hour he had outgrown all his immaturities and attained man's stature.

Eagerly he turned to Barbara. She stood rigid. The anger blazing in her eyes stunned him.

"It's over. You can go."

"Barbara—I—"

"Please! Christmas is over."

"But it's not! You don't understand."

White-faced, she turned on him.

"I understand that children deserve a Christmas free from heart-break! And I understand that a son deserves a father he can respect—not a miserable coward who would clasp the hand of a trusting boy and lie to him!"

Barbara's voice broke. She walked to the great window overlooking the hills.

"I didn't lie!" Bruce was beside her. "I'm not going away!"

"You can't stay here! What do you think I'm made of? I can't keep on. We can't act a lie always—even for them!"

"Barbara, I love you!" His arms ached for her. "I was a fool. But it's over. I know you can't understand—yet. But some day—will you—try to forgive me?"

He could not trust his voice farther. If only he could reach out and take Barbara's hand. So close she stood—and so remote.

"Barbara, we can't see—through the dark—the beauty we've loved so long. But we know it isn't lost—no matter what hides it!"

She bowed her head in her hands with a strangled sob.

"Barbara—beloved—don't!" His arms were about her, holding her as though he could never let her go. And she was crying against his heart.

"Barbara—"

"Don't talk!" She was fumbling for the handkerchief in his breast pocket. "There are some things—that words—can never make right. Oh, Bruce—it's still Christmas—make me believe you!"

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you'll spoil it!



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6,224.52

King's talk with Sydney airmen

Continued from page 7

"HE is a wonderful son. He has never done anything to cause me worry, only things to make me more proud of him."

Norman Mulholland was seventeen when his father, a skin and wool buyer in Brisbane, died after two years' illness.

"We lost everything," said Mrs. Calvignac, "so I had to find work. Later, when he had his A licence, Norm tried to join the Air Force, but they did not want recruits at the time."

"I was working at Nowra when I saw a paragraph in a newspaper inviting applications for the Air Force."

"I wrote to the secretary and asked him if he thought my boy would have a chance, and he sent me back the forms for him to fill in."

"He had only been in the R.A.A.F. a year when he was sent to England."

"Four years later when my health broke down he left the Air Force so that he could do more for me, sent me his gratuity, and joined Imperial Airways."

"I believe the war was only two days old when he rejoined the R.A.F."

"If I did not know that his heart is in it I would like him to be anything else but an airman. He is my only son now, as my younger son, Fred, died six years ago."

Mrs. Calvignac brought out her pictures of her son—as a little boy, in the dress uniform of the R.A.F. when he was a member of a guard of

honor for King George V's jubilee, in another guard of honor for Edward VIII.

The woman whose son met the King this week was wearing a dark overall and a rush hat, and her shoes were muddy from working in the farm-yard.

She and her husband, a Frenchman who has been in Australia for 15 years, have been working their farm for eight years, six of them drought years.

Mrs. Calvignac had never lived or worked on a farm before.

Her fine hands are now hardened with work, but she has a dignity and graciousness of personality that must make her son as proud of her as she is of him.

The answer is—

- 1—Albert Frederick Arthur George.
- 2—Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose.
- 3—Myrtle.
- 4—Seven.
- 5—Charles Wesley.
- 6—The bride's parents.
- 7—William Willett.
- 8—A collar bone.
- 9—Off the south-west coast of Turkey.
- 10—Longer (1.15 miles).

Questions on page 10



Stops Perspiration 1-3 Days

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Won't irritate skin or rot dresses
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as you prefer.



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P.402

CONTINUING OUR MYSTERY SERIAL...

BEHOLD, HERE'S POISON

By Georgette
HEYER



"You don't deny that you quarrelled with your brother-in-law?" the Superintendent challenged Mrs. Matthews.

(Illustrated by JOHN SANTRY)

THE STORY SO FAR

"COME in, doctor," said Hannasyde pleasantly. "There are just one or two questions still that I should like to put to you." He glanced down at his open notebook. "I think you stated that when you saw the body of the deceased you noticed nothing that was not in your opinion compatible with death from syncope?"

"Quite right," said the doctor. "I doubt whether anyone could have detected poisoning from a superficial examination."

Hannasyde nodded. "You had been treating Mr. Matthews for some little time, I believe?"

"About a year."

"You were no doubt fairly intimate with the various members of the household—knew the ins and outs, in fact?"

The doctor hesitated. "I hardly know how to reply. I have been very intimate with Miss Stella Matthews for some while—we are engaged to be married, in fact—and I have attended her aunt in a professional capacity. I know very little of the other members of the family."

"You knew that there was a good deal of friction in this house, I take it?"

"Everyone knew that," responded the doctor dryly.

"Had you that friction in mind when you decided to put the matter into the hands of the police, doctor?"

The doctor raised his eyes, and looked steadily across at Hannasyde. "You are under a misapprehension, Superintendent," he said. "It was Mrs. Lupton, not I, who insisted on an inquiry."

"You did not tell me that," said Hannasyde.

"I beg your pardon," replied the doctor politely. "I suppose it slipped my memory. In any case, it doesn't seem very material to me. Mrs. Lupton herself will tell you that I was in no sense averse from having a post-mortem inquiry. Quite the

"POISONING by nicotine!" In dismay GREGORY MATTHEWS' household hears this grim pronouncement of the cause of his sudden and unexpected death.

There had been serious friction in the home just before Gregory died, as despite the pleas of his widowed sister-in-law, MRS. ZOE MATTHEWS, he threatened to send her son, GUY, to South America, and objected to the engagement of her daughter, STELLA, to DR. DERYK FIELDING, whose father died in an inebriate's home.

Following Gregory's death, Dr. Fielding was prepared to sign a certificate of death from natural causes, but MRS. GERTRUDE LUPTON,

one of Gregory's sisters, demanded a post-mortem. Some days later, DETECTIVE - SUPERINTENDENT HANNASYDE, of Scotland Yard, arrives with INSPECTOR DAVIS and SERGEANT HERINGWAY, announces that Matthews was poisoned by nicotine, and proceeds to cross-examine the members of the household. He begins with MISS HARRIETT MATTHEWS, Gregory's other sister, who blurts out all the family secrets, and reveals that the whole household has been disappointed by the terms of Gregory's will, especially as the bulk of his estate has been left to his eldest nephew, RANDALL MATTHEWS. The Superintendent then sends for Dr. Fielding.

NOW READ ON.

reverse: if there was any suspicion of foul play I naturally was one of the first to want a full inquiry."

The Inspector shot a question at him. "Were you on good terms with the deceased?"

Fielding looked at him with a slightly amused expression on his face. "No, Inspector," he said. "I was not."

"Will you tell us why, doctor?" asked Hannasyde.

The doctor regarded his fingernails. "Since you ask me I am bound to tell you why," he answered.

"It is not particularly pleasant for me to have to do so, but I have not the smallest desire to hinder you by keeping anything back which you may think of importance. Mr. Matthews was bitterly opposed to my engagement to his niece."

"Why?" asked the Inspector.

The doctor was silent for a moment. Then he said in a somewhat constricted tone: "Mr. Matthews had discovered—how, I don't know—that my father died in a home for hopeless inebriates."

The Inspector looked very much shocked, and coughed in an embarrassed way. Hannasyde said in his unemotional way: "It is naturally very distasteful for you to discuss such a matter, doctor, but did Mr. Matthews impart this knowledge to Miss Stella Matthews?"

"It made no difference to her," replied the doctor.

"I see. Had he any control over her actions?"

"We should have got married whatever he said. If that is what you mean," Fielding paused, and looked from one to the other with a rueful smile. "Come, Superintendent, why beat about the bush? You want to know whether he had been threatening me with exposure, don't you? Of course he had, and of course it would have been highly unpleasant for me if he had."

"Thank you, doctor," said Hannasyde, and turned his head as the door opened.

Mrs. Matthews came into the room with Stella behind her. She looked charming in a black frock with white at the throat, and if she had put her hair up in haste at least it showed no signs of it. She checked on the threshold, and said: "Oh, have we interrupted you? I'm so sorry, but my son told me that you wanted to see me, er—Superintendent."

"No, please come in," said Hannasyde, rising from his chair by the table. "I needn't keep you any longer now, doctor."

Mrs. Matthews waited until Fielding had left the room, and then advanced towards Hannasyde, and sat

down in a chair on the opposite side of the table, indicating to him with a graceful wave of her hand that he might resume his seat. Stella, admiring her exquisite poise, perched on the arm of her chair, and gravely regarded the Superintendent.

"You wanted to see my daughter, too, didn't you?" said Mrs. Matthews. She laid her hand on one of Stella's, and added with a laugh that seemed to take the Superintendent into her confidence: "I know you won't mind my being here while you talk to her. I'm afraid she has a very guilty conscience, and is terrified lest you should ask her awkward questions about such things as driving without a rear light!"

Stella wriggled uncomfortably, and muttered: "Mother, really!"

"That isn't my department, Miss Matthews," said Hannasyde.

"I know," replied Stella indignantly.

The pressure of her mother's fingers silenced her. "Please ask me anything you like, Superintendent!" Mrs. Matthews said kindly. "One shrinks from discussing it, but I know that it is necessary, and one must try to overcome one's instinctive distaste. I was very much attached to my poor brother-in-law, and this has all been terribly upsetting to me. I ought to tell you that my nerves are not my strong point.

But I'm quite ready to answer anything I can."

"Thank you," said Hannasyde. "Naturally I understand how you must feel. You have lived under Mr. Gregory Matthews' roof for some years, I believe?"

She bowed her head. "I have lived here for five years. My brother-in-law was very good to me at a time of deep sorrow, and I shall always think kindly of him for that reason alone."

"My father died five years ago," interrupted Stella. "My uncle was joint guardian and trustee with my mother for my brother and me."

"I see," said Hannasyde. "It was in the capacity of guardian that Mr. Matthews proposed to send your son to South America, Mrs. Matthews?"

Mrs. Matthews raised her brows. "That absurd scheme! I'm afraid I didn't take that very seriously, Superintendent. You have been listening to my sister-in-law, haven't you? She is a very dear soul, but, as I daresay you've realised, she is rather apt to exaggerate. Naturally, I should not say so in her hearing, but she didn't understand her brother."

"I think that is so often the way when two people don't get on together. There is just that lack of sympathy which gives one insight into another person's character. I sometimes think that no one understood my brother-in-law as well as I did."

Inspector Davis caught the superintendent's eye for an instant. His own glance spoke volumes. It seemed to him that the Matthews household consisted entirely of voluble females.

"But was there not a serious plan to send your son to Brazil, Mrs. Matthews?" asked Hannasyde.

"My brother-in-law certainly thought it might be a good opening for him, but—"

"And you? Did you agree?" interrupted Hannasyde ruthlessly.

Please turn to page 32

An Editorial

DECEMBER 14, 1940.

THE GLORY THAT IS GREECE



THE Greeks, fighting with such dogged determination in Albania, have shown us that the Rome-Berlin Axis is not invulnerable — and that the big battalions don't always have it all their own way.

The Greek victories have given us fresh heart. At first we could hardly believe the good news.

Remembering Norway, Denmark, Holland and the other small countries, people wondered just how long before another tragic chapter would be written in the obliteration of small nations in Europe.

But from the days of Sparta numbers have not mattered to the Greeks. It's the spirit that counts — Mussolini's hordes ran into that spirit at Korca and were defeated.

Whatever may be the final outcome of the Greek campaign the fact remains that the Italians suffered an overwhelming defeat, and the Greeks won a resounding victory of worth untold to the cause of Britain and her Allies.

The effect on the morale of the enemy couldn't be counted in army corps.

It opened the war in the Mediterranean in earnest and created a position where the weaker partner of the Axis could be attacked by land as well as from the sea.

Australian mothers, wives and sweethearts with their soldiers in Egypt realise that their loved ones, sooner or later, will be involved in the war in the Mediterranean.

It is good news that our men will have such doughty warriors as the Greeks fighting in the same cause. Perhaps shoulder to shoulder before it is all over.

It is fitting, too, that Greece — cradle of culture and civilisation — should to-day strike a shrewd blow for the ideals she gave to the world centuries ago.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Private F. C. Brennan in Dorwin to Miss B. Taylor, Currajong Creek, Qld.:

"THIRTY-NINE of us were sent out to camp from Monday till Friday.

"We had to build a road from one army post to another. We made a good job of it, too, and at the same time had a good time.

"We were only ten yards from the beach, and it is one of the best beaches that I have seen.

"We swam nearly all the afternoon, but we had to be in bed at 9 o'clock instead of 10 o'clock, and had to be up at 5 o'clock instead of 6.15."

Private Keith Lang in England to his mother, Mrs. D. C. Lang, Hindmarsh Island, S.A.:

"I WAS in London for ten days and was camped in the Wellington Barracks with the Grenadiers, and had the pleasure of drilling with them for a couple of hours.

"I also witnessed the ceremony of knight-ing several men at Buckingham Palace, which is just over the road from the barracks.

"Those figures that have been printed lately about the planes brought down are not stretched in the least. Britain has an absolutely 100 per cent. Air Force of men and planes, and those boys have it worked out to a fine art how to get at the enemy.

"They are the calmest crowd of men I have ever run across.

"I met one recently and saw his plane. All he said was that he had been in a bit of a scrap.

"I heard later that that 'bit of a scrap' cost Adolf about thirteen planes in less than an hour.

"This British pilot's plane was full of bullet holes, and part of the tail was missing, and yet he was as calm and steady as if he had just driven a car round the square.

"The Germans claim to have England blockaded, but the day we arrived we counted twenty-four boats going out and seventeen coming in, not including coastal steamers."

A.C.1 L. Menn with the R.A.A.F. in England to his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. E. Compton, Norwood, S.A.:

"I HAVE been to Scotland twice — once during the winter, when everything was covered with snow, and once in the spring.

"Our squadron has been doing some good work here. We have ten enemy submarines and one enemy plane to our credit so far. We are flying the 'Flying Fortresses' or the 'Battlehips of the Air'—Sunderland flying boats, 25 tons weight.

"Although we've had only six months here on active service and the English flying-boat squadrons have had ten months' active service, we've flown twice the number of hours that they have, and have created a record for flying hours on active service. So here's to the Aussies, eh?"

Winnie the War Winner



"There! I told you I wouldn't be late for golf."

Sapper A. L. Steele in Palestine to his friends in Ballarat, Vic.:

"I WENDED my way to the most sacred spot in the world to all Jews, the Walling Wall.

"The section of the original wall built by Solomon is now worn smooth by the hands of countless Jews, all lamenting the lost glory of their race and coming to this traditional spot to pray for its revival.

"There is no make-believe about their devotion. It even impressed the boisterous nature of the Aussie, and we went away respecting the sincerity of this undying people."

Ordinary-Seaman John E. Mann of the Royal Australian Navy to his mother at Amiens, Qld.:

"OUR ship's company is in a naval rest camp in the mountains.

"The weather is lovely and cool, such a change to what we had in the Red Sea. I am feeling great already.

"The scenery is gorgeous—no better in the world.

"We have a cup of tea in bed and go to sleep again until breakfast. We have native chappies looking after us.

"Have just received the cake and hamper you sent me. Boy, oh, boy! Is the cake a whopper! My cobbler and I have just had a piece, and goosh! does it taste delicious. Thanks very much, darlings.

"I am having my action station changed to six-inch control tower, and am pleased with myself as it is a pretty important job. The gunnery officer told me I was picked specially for the job."

Private Joe Coombe in England to his mother in Adelaide:

"WE have been on a couple of two-day stunts during the last week, and, believe me, it is not exactly hot and dusty camping under a hedge in this country—they tell us it is still summer here.

"As a rule we take one blanket and an overcoat, but one night the lorry carrying these was either lost or captured by the 'enemy' and we had to curl up as best we could without them.

"In one attack I was obliged to crash-dive through a black-berry hedge and nearly tore the rear portion of my trousers off. To make matters worse, that night we had to dig in and take up a position in a village.

"Something had to be done, so one of the boys went into a house and borrowed needle and thread and executed some running repairs.

"Being in the army we are more or less allowed to go through anyone's property, and in these mock battles we often find it absolutely necessary to go through apple orchards. Quite often people come out to the road with baskets of fruit for the boys as we march by.

"In a recent attack, making a dash for cover, we had to jump a creek.

"I miscalculated the jump and landed in the middle waist deep in muddy water.

"To the envy of the boys I was given 'dead,' and had to ride home in the ambulance. Nothing like being in the army to learn a few tricks."

Private R. Gorrings in Egypt to his cousin in Sydney:

"I CAN give you a pretty good idea of what the bombing is like here.

"You'd swear that every bomb dropped from a plane was heading straight for the top of your head.

"We can see them leave the plane, but after that they become invisible and all we can hear is a shrill scream as they tear for old mother earth.

"We hold ourselves in readiness for the explosion, which seems in those few seconds as if it will never come. Then 'Woof-hang!' and it feels as if a giant has hit me in both ears and is trying to smash my skull.

"We lie as close to the earth as possible, wishing it would swallow us, as explosion after explosion shakes the desert for miles around.

"The next day we feel the effect of it—a strange numbness in the head. After the attack is over we go out to look at the holes and to see if anyone is hurt.

"I feel sure there is someone watching over us and protecting us, for none of our unit has had a scratch yet.

"And our job is dangerous, for we carry the ammunition to those requiring it."

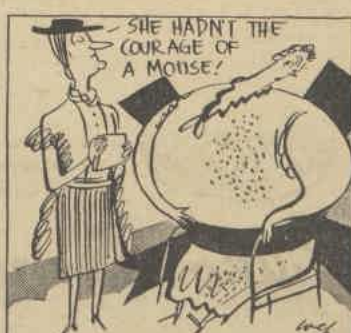
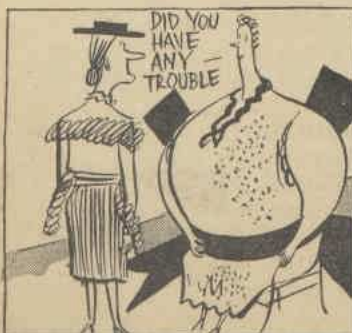
Corporal Tommy Fenton in Palestine to a friend in Rozelle, N.S.W.:

"WE visited a cafe in Jerusalem and heard a soprano sing, and really she had a marvellous voice.

"She couldn't speak English, but could sing English songs. She sang 'Come Out, Come Out, My Dearest Dear,' and a request from us, 'Ave Maria.'

"I have her autograph, and instead of having a long, glamorous name as one would expect, she signed just plain 'Nellie Picker.'"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By WEP



HEROIC WOMEN OF GREECE

defend their land



MEMBERS of a women's patriotic organisation in Greece training to defend their country like the Amazons of old.

Combine home-making enthusiasm with fighting patriotism

By A. V. FATSEAS

Greek women are living up to the inspiring Amazonian tradition of their race. Despatches from the Italo-Greek front tell of the heroic part they played in fierce warfare in the Pindus mountains.

While the men fought the women kept them supplied with food and ammunition which they had to carry up to the rugged mountain tops from 6000 feet below.

THIS was a feat worthy of the shining example of Greek women throughout history, of helping their men, and serving their country even on the battlefield.

By a remarkable coincidence, it was this very region of Epirus where 140 years ago a force of Greek

women fought successfully by the side of the men against the hordes of the notorious Ali Pasha.

It was here, too, and on the cliffs of Zallogon, where, later, these same Greek women of Epirus wrote one of the most tragic chapters in the world's history.

Besieged on the steep cliffs 800 men and 200 women and children fought valiantly until no more bushes were left with which to fight their starvation.

Then the women, rather than surrender to the enemy, held their children fondly in their embrace and, after giving them a long last kiss, threw them over the gap.

Soon afterwards, holding one another by the hand, they circled on the top of this precipice singing in a go-round dance of death.

As each woman came to a certain spot, she pulled herself away and swung into the abyss below.

To complete the tragedy, the men then drew their swords and rushed down to meet their besiegers, numbering many thousands.

A massacre ensued, during which out of the 800 Greeks 150 succeeded in getting through.

Many a time in the last century the Greek women took their place on the battlefield as Greece fought against Turkish enslavement.

More than once they had to do away with their lives and the lives of their children to prevent capture and ignominy.

Outstanding of these occasions were the holocausts of Psara in 1824 and of Arcadi in 1886.

On both occasions hundreds of women and their children blew themselves to extinction by setting fire to ammunition stores, when they saw that they could neither fight any longer nor escape.

Domestic virtues

ALL these sacrifices may well be considered as having sown the seed from which grew and blossomed the courage of the Greek woman of to-day.

Is it any wonder then that she values the honor of her country more than she does her life?

Is it surprising to hear that the Greek women of London wish to go home to form an Amazon Legion?

Not many people can comprehend how deep in every Greek woman's heart is rooted the feeling of patriotism and the love of liberty and freedom.

Yet this same woman finds a lot of happiness in being the shackled member of her family.

She likes taking her orders from her husband, and is prepared to sacrifice many nice things if that should bring more happiness to her husband and her children.

The Greek woman of to-day is not behind any other woman of the world in intelligence and culture. She is fond of sport, and has achieved notable feats in all athletic games.

She has entered all trades and professions, but never at the expense of her family, which she always considers to be her first duty after her marriage.

Regular physical exercise for all young women through all sorts of gymnastics has been one of the main features of the present Government's policy.

It is in pursuance of such a policy that thousands of girls have been encouraged to join the National



MEMBERS of the Lyceum Educational Society at Athens preparing a stall at the great festival organised annually in honor of and to benefit the Greek Mother.

Youth Organisation, which now numbers 750,000 members of both sexes.

These young people have instructional, educational and recreative facilities at their disposal.

The girl members of this organisation, among other things, are being taught how to bring up a healthy and happy family, while, at the same time, the feeling of patriotism is gradually instilled into their souls.

They are reminded of the women of ancient Sparta, who, when their sons went to the war, used to hand them the shield with the laconic wish, "Ee tan ee epi tas,"—"either this or you upon it."

It seems that this tradition continues to command respect among the Greeks of to-day.

Since when have YOU been using GIBBS?



SINCE I GOT MY MILK TEETH!

First thing in the morning—Gibbs, to keep your smile sparkling all day. Last thing at night—Gibbs, to search out every fragment of food that could cause decay... to make your mouth clean, sweet and healthy!

Gibbs for economy too! The 1/4 tin lasts for 116 days, the 1/6 tin for 216 days. Change to fragrant, foamy Gibbs to-day!

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Small Tins - - - 1/- Large Tins - - - 1/6 Large Refills - - 1/3

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I USE LUX TOILET SOAP EVERY DAY. IT'S A WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE. YOU'LL FIND IT WORKS. A DAILY LUX SOAP BEAUTY BATH LEAVES SKIN FRESH AND FRAGRANT, TOO.

Actual statement by
Ida Lupino
A Paramount star

IT CERTAINLY DOES WORK, AS IDA LUPINO SAYS! NOT FOR WORLDS WOULD I MISS MY HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY BATH, WITH LUX TOILET SOAP!

Luxurious, Long-lasting LUX TOILET SOAP

Begin and end your day with a Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath—just as the film stars do. Your skin will soon grow softer and lovelier, for there's a special cream blended into Lux Toilet Soap—it's super-creamed. And even if you use it lavishly, the dainty tablet lasts and lasts.

You cream as you wash—with Supercreamed Lux Toilet Soap.



A LEVER PRODUCT

6.305.25

Parents Can't Help It

Continued from page 3

SHE backed the car out, scraping a mudguard in her nervousness.

Billy, wan and tear-stained, huddled beside her. At the last minute there was a crisis over taking Essex, the cocker spaniel. Essex came along, Essex sat between Ann and Billy, shedding hairs all over Ann's frock.

"Where are you going, Ann?" That was Judith Stoneleigh.

"Taking Billy to Wolf Cub camp." Judith was an actress, just spending time between plays visiting her old home. Rest cure, she said laughingly. She was as lovely and smooth as museum jade, though not so old, of course.

She said: "Darling, give me a lift to the station. My car has broken down."

"Climb in," said Ann crisply.

"I've simply got to run up to town," said Judith, smoothing down her jacket. "Dutch has a new play for me to read over and Van Rensselaer is giving a lunch for me. I promised to stay for the dress rehearsal of 'The Wasp's Nest'. Mark doesn't think the second act curtain is right. I've told everybody I'm positively resting three weeks in the duldest suburban community and they just screamed at me. Simply screamed."

Billy said: "Mummy, where are my water wings?"

"Now, Billy, you won't need—"

"I won't go in their old water without my water wings." He was puckering up his face again.

"Never mind, Billy," said Ann hastily.

Judith said: "You know, the last time I saw Hellster, he asked what ever had become of you. He said you did that ingenue part so well. I told him," Judith said tactlessly—"I told him nothing had become of you. He said he didn't know how you stood it without any excitement. The train's signalled. Thank you, darling. Be good, Billy."

Billy grunted.

Ann speeded up. She said: "Billy, there's another little boy from our street going to your camp. Perhaps you'll like him."

"No, I won't," Billy made a face. "If he's smaller than I am, I'll push his face in; if he's bigger than I am, I'll run."

Ann tried to remember what the book advised, "Psychology of the Child." She couldn't remember, so she said weakly: "You oughtn't to talk like that."

"Rot," said Billy rudely.

This wasn't a time to insist on politeness. Ann ignored it. "Oh—oh, smell the good salt air!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"It makes me sick," said Billy. "And they have boats at the camp!"

"I wouldn't be caught dead in a boat," he said gloomily.

Ann wiped her forehead with her handkerchief. Billy had a greenish look about the eyes; he was a miserable little object. Now and then he sucked his lips in over a sob.

Ann began to feel sorry for herself. She and Phil were sacrificing a good deal to send him to this camp. Was he grateful? He was not. He was simply driving her mad, that was all. Why couldn't he want to go? He was timid, that was one thing. He was sensitive and perhaps all the efforts of the modern day school hadn't improved his group consciousness as much as they had hoped. So far, the only thing she was sure he had learned was to stand on his head, and that seemed a bit odd.

"When we have rhythm class," he had explained solemnly, "the teacher tells the fellows to do whatever the music makes them feel like. It makes me feel like standing on my head."

What worried Phil was a fear that his son was going to be a sissy. He was more than apt to burst into tears in a crisis. As he was doing now.

Ann counted the miles. "Look, Billy; there's the water! There's a fisherman! Fresh fish right out of the water!"

"Yah!" said Billy.

"Billy, you've got to stop talking like that to me! After all, I'm your mother, like it or not."

"If Mrs. Kelly was my mother, she wouldn't send me off to camp."

"Mrs. Kelly has seven children and no husband. You'd be delivering newspapers if you were her boy."

Her nerves were in a dreadful state. If she ever got rid of him and had a minute's peace. . . She began to look frantically at road signs. Sea wind beat against the car, the light dazzled.

Billy's small, dirty hand clutched Ann. "Mummy," he said.

Her heart contracted. Now she knew what that meant, that good old phrase in all the stories. Hers was a tight, withered prune.

She said huskily: "Here we are, Billy. Get Essex out of the back." She stopped the car inside the entrance to the camp, and they were escorted to the Cubmistress.

Ann gulped: "I'm Mrs. Waring. Here's Billy."

The Cubmistress, an attractive girl, said briskly: "Hallo, Billy. Got your pack?"

"Gulp," said Billy distinctly.

"Fine. Would you like to look round the place, Mrs. Waring?"

Ann said: "Thank you: I'd better help Billy unpack and get settled."

"We'll see to all that. Wait here a moment, Billy."

Ann was pushed off. Billy gazed wildly after her, and the Cubmistress was saying smoothly: "No need for a formal good-bye. We always find it better like that," and somehow Ann found herself driving away without another glimpse of Billy.

When she got home the wireless was blaring. Phil came rushing out. "Ann, everything all right? How did you leave Billy?"

Ann avoided the question and asked shortly:

"Who's here?" Phil said: "Oh, I met Judith on the train and I asked her home for a cocktail. Try not to ask her for dinner. I want to talk to you."

Ann went in. Essex bounced out and tore madly round the garden. Then she rushed upstairs to Billy's room and recklessly scratched at his closed door.

Phil muttered: "What's the matter with that dog?"

Ann pushed back her hair wearily and went in to where Judith was being the charming princess.

"Darling, isn't it wonderful?" she said. "You'll be able to have a little freedom for a change. Children are such a frightful care, aren't they? Honestly, Ann, I don't see how you stand this dull suburban life day after day. I was just telling Phil it isn't as if you couldn't do something—you have so much talent and everything. Honestly, Ann—she waved her cocktail—'you oughtn't to let yourself stagnate.'"

Ann said: "If you don't mind, I'll run up and wash. Phil, you amuse Judith."

ESSEX had a door open; she was sitting on Billy's bed, ears drooping, tail limp. His old worn blue teddy bear was on the pillow, but Essex wasn't making a pass at it. She was just sitting.

Ann sat down, too, and put her cheek against the soft warm fur of the spaniel. The room was very still.

After all, Billy was just a baby. Didn't he need his mother more than he needed camp life? Who was going to put his blankets back at night, when he threw them off? She heard Phil, and wiped her eyes hastily.

"What are you doing in here?" he asked.

"I was just—picking up Billy's things," said Ann. "Judith gone?"

Phil said: "How'd you like to get into your glad rags and—celebrate? Go down to the hotel for dinner? Help to get our minds off—I mean—well, it's late for dinner anyway."

"Fine," said Ann brightly.

The bathroom was empty. Usually, Billy was splashing about at this hour, leaving a pile of filthy towels on the floor. She got into a fresh dress, made up her face hastily. Phil was prowling round downstairs.

Ann put out a bowl of dog food for Essex. Essex eyed it dispiritedly and lay down limply.

Ann said: "You eat that, Essex; go on and eat your supper!"

The house seemed to have expanded. It was full of space. They hurried away and had dinner at the hotel. They could eat anything they wanted to, without having to urge Billy to be a man about his vegetables. Judith drifted in with the suburban Don Juan.

"Isn't it wonderful you're back in circulation," she chanted in passing. "Come over for drinks later on. Everybody amusing will be there."

"Did he—was he all right?" asked Phil.

"He was crying," said Ann.

Phil rose hastily. "You want to dance?"

"No," said Ann.

"Well, let's go to a film and then drop in at Judith's."

"I don't want to go to Judith's," said Ann. "I just want to go home."

"Well, there's nothing to go home for," said Phil. "I mean, we can just do as we please."

"I want to go home."

The house was even quieter. "Perhaps we'd better go on to Judith's after all," said Ann incoherently.

"No, don't let's," said Phil.

He fussed round, building a fire in the fireplace, while Ann picked up a book she'd been waiting to read for months. Essex came in and dropped at her feet. Every few minutes Essex rose and made a tour of the house, looking for something. Now and then she got up on the sofa and

pressed her muzzle against the window, peering down the road.

Phil said: "Ann, that dog has got to stop it."

"She's looking for Billy," said Ann, turning her face away.

Phil said: "Well, all we have to do is enjoy our free time. It ought to be fun."

"Lots of fun," said Ann.

"This is wonderful for us," Phil insisted. "While Billy is having his fun at camp." His voice changed.

"Ann, I can't help wondering if he's big enough. He could have gone next year."

Ann threw down her book.

"He isn't big enough! He's not very strong and we were insane to get talked into sending him."

He's going to be miserable, and he thinks we just don't want him, and he'll probably have complexes and things all his life, and it'll be all our fault. We were just insane."

Phil spoke uneasily: "Now don't get excited. As a matter of fact, I was thinking—well—if it wasn't a success, we could slip down there and bring the boy home."

Ann flew into his arms. "Oh, Phil! Let's go to-morrow!"

"I couldn't get away to-morrow," he said, "but we might go on Sunday. That'll give him nearly a week, and that's—quite a long time. He'll have the—the experience and what not."

Ann didn't buy any new clothes, or go to the club, or dash up to town, or do any of the things Judith urged her to do. Ann painted the woodwork in Billy's bedroom, while Phil spent his time knocking together a cabinet for Billy's new portable wireless. Essex buried a few bones under Billy's pillow. And Sunday finally came.

It was funny how much longer seventy miles in this direction were than seventy miles in any other direction, although Phil drove fast enough.

Waring was out on the beach with the other boys, they were informed. Swimming, thought Ann apprehensively.

There were boys in the distance, at the water's edge, jumping round and shouting. Ann and Phil advanced, ankle deep in sand. Then one of the boys drew away, stared at them, then finally ran up to them.

He was peeling from head to foot, and he wore a pair of ragged shorts of no perceptible color. He had a blue bruise on his cheek, and one eye was partly swelled up.

"Billy!" Ann cried.

"H'lo, mum," he said. "H'lo, dad."

"BILLY!" cried

Ann again.

"What've you come for?" he asked curiously. "Next week's visiting Sunday."

"You're all bruised!" Ann said.

"That's nothin'." He grinned. "I had an argument."

"Billy, you fought!" Ann stared at him. "That wasn't nice, was it?"

"It was O.K.," said Billy. "We had a couple of referees. You oughta see the other chap."

Phil cleared his throat. "Your mother and I thought—well, we thought perhaps you'd like us to come and see if you—er—needed us—or anything."

"No, I don't need you for anything," said Billy; "but as you're here, you could stay and see me swim."

With a whoop Billy flung himself into the surf. Ann sank down on the sand.

Phil said: "Good lord!"

Billy came back, grinning.

"Like you to meet a man, dad. He's first in cricket, first in swimming, first in running—"

"First in the hearts of his countrymen," said Phil under his breath to Ann. "I'd like to meet him."

"Here, Snake-eyes!" shouted Billy. "C'mere a min'!"

Ann said: "Billy, you really do swim!"

"Snothing," he said. "You oughta see Snake-eyes. He's some diver. Before I leave here I'm gonna dive like that or else—"

"Oh, Billy, your grammar!" Billy was presenting Snake-eyes.

"This is my parents," he said. "They didn't know visiting Sunday wasn't to-day," he apologised.

Phil said: "We—we just happened to be driving up this way. Thought we'd drop in—"

Billy said: "Well, yes, Yes." For a moment he looked even more like Phil, confused, insecure. "Wish you'd brought Essex," he began suddenly. That was his concession to home-sickness. His eyes looked large and dark, his mouth quivered.

Then Snake-eyes said: "Race you to the first breaker," and with a shout they were off, legs flashing, arms swinging.

"We might as well be going," said Phil.

They didn't speak for fifteen miles. Then Ann blew her nose and said: "I—I thought he'd need us."

"He didn't," said Phil. "We only need him. I think, Ann, it's up to us to do the growing up. Do you think we can do it?"

"We'll try," said Ann, and she leaned her bright head against his shoulder. After a time she spoke again.

"He can swim alone," she said. (Copyright)



HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

KINTHO DOUBLE STRENGTH



The daily use of WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM provides much needed beneficial exercise for your teeth and gums, thus helping to maintain a normal, healthy condition and brightening your teeth in Nature's way. That is why doctors and dentists recommend it. Constant chewing exercise also strengthens the muscles of your face and helps you keep youthful contours. It satisfies a craving for sweets and at the same time ensures a cool mouth and a pleasant breath. It is a wonderful soother of nerves. It aids digestion and improves your appetite. Children love it, too. A choice of three flavours: P.K. (tingly peppermint), Spearmint (real garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (deliciously different). All are delicious and refreshing—buy some to-day.

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM
Three delicious flavours. An Australian product. On sale everywhere.

AU15

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"When presents are needed I'm always the first to put my hand in my pocket."
 "And keep it there until Christmas is past."

HE who laughs LAST



"Are you sure everyone's here? I've still got room to change gears."



INDIGNANT WIFE: Just like you! Bec ause you feel warm you must take off your overcoat outside a pawnbroker's shop when everyone is looking.



"I'll have 2/- on Quickspeed, and if he wins you'll find me in the stand with mother."

AT THE BEAUTY COUNTER:

IN MY JOB I MUST HAVE
 A CLEAR, ATTRACTIVE SKIN —
 SO I USE REXONA.

Those who have had experience with all kinds of beauty care know that Rexona brings natural loveliness through perfect skin health. Rexona's special compound of medications, Cady!, gently draws out impurities from the pores where all skin troubles start. Rexona corrects a blemished skin and makes a clear skin smoother and lovelier.



REXONA
 is more than a beauty soap,
 it's a
 Complete Skin
 Treatment

Whenever blemishes persist, use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. They form a sure treatment which soothes away irritation, heals the tissues and leaves the skin clear.

TREATMENT
 Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.



REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED.

X4.27

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"THOUGHT I was going to go without a pillow last night," said the recruit after his first night in camp, "but I found an old drain-pipe."
 "Bit hard, wasn't it?"
 "It was a bit—but I stuffed some straw in it!"

"AND do you really mean to say I'm the first girl you've ever kissed?"
 "Yes, darling. Any skill I may have is inherited."

HOUSEWIFE: Just because I gave you a lurch the other day is no reason why you should send all your friends here.
 Tramp: Lady, they weren't my friends.

"THAT'S better, sir," said the swimming instructor. "You aren't swallowing so much water — doing more to the gallon, so to speak."

THE night nurse, coming around before Private Smith went to sleep, felt his forehead, and said: "You're not so hot."
 "And you're nothing out of the box yourself!" the soldier answered.

DENTIST (dressed for golf, speaking on the telephone): Sorry, I'll be too busy to attend to your teeth to-day. I've got eighteen cavities to fill.



Don't go out without
 a little MISCHIEF!

A touch of "Mischief" adds an air of charming chic to your outfit . . . whether you're dressed for work or 'stepping out'. This gay, sophisticated fragrance has a most unusual attraction and it always keeps its first, intriguing freshness on furs, frocks, undies or handkerchiefs.

SAVILLE'S

Mischief

Travel Size 2/6
 Also in Smart
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THE ROMANTIC PERFUME
 THAT IS ALWAYS FRESH



In swagger black
 and silver flasks
 5/0, 10/0,
 24/0.

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Here's Lip Loveliness that leaves no Lip Prints

A new miracle comes to the aid of beauty. Gone is the greasy lipstick that stains everything the lips touch... gone the painted look and smears lip line! Liquid LIP-GLO imparts satiny loveliness that stays enticingly bright.

Obtainable at all Chemists, Stores and Beauty Salons, or from Philip Dare Cosmetics, Box 442D, G.P.O., Adelaide.

SIX EXOTIC TINTS



Ends Hot Burning Feet in 3 Seconds!

2,000-Year-Old Foot Secret Now Bringing Quick Relief and Lasting Comfort to Present-day Foot Sufferers

Just 3 seconds is all the time it now takes to bring coolness and comfort to hot, burning, aching feet... rub in Frostene, new magic foot cream containing frankincense and myrrh—precious healants used by ancient desert kings to soothe feet tortured by the fiery heat of desert sands. To-day these same fragrant, penetrating, antiseptic unguents will soothe and cool your feet during the hot summer days that now cause burning, aching and swelling.

See how this delicious white Frostene cream vanishes into the skin, feel how quickly it eases inflamed congested nerves and tissues, reduces swelling and deodorizes and neutralizes poisonous acid sweat.

Get a generous-size half-crown tube of Frostene from your chemist to-day. Greaseless, stainless. Rub into feet night and morning—and enjoy the comfort of cool, refreshed feet all through the longest summer day...

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and surgery can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonard's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe and lasting relief to pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vaculoid with this guarantee...



If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turnley & Son, 266 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ DANCE, GIRL, DANCE

(Week's Best Release).

Maureen O'Hara, Lucille Ball, Louis Hayward. (RKO.)

PRODUCED by Erich Pommer, the man who has handled many of Charles Laughton's English films, "Dance, Girl, Dance" is backstage drama, with far less song and dance than you would expect from its title.

Maureen O'Hara and Lucille Ball play two chorus girls who are interested in the same man, a rich playboy (Louis Hayward). The story hinges on the rivalry and contrasted characters of the two girls, for Maureen is an ambitious young woman who wants to become a great ballet dancer, while Lucille is the heartless, mercenary type.

Maureen does one toe dance in the film, Lucille a hula-hula and a novelty burlesque number.

Surprisingly small roles are given Maria Ouspenskaya as a ballet teacher and Walter Abel as a magistrate.

A curious mixture of drama and comedy, with over-emphasis on the ballet scenes featuring Maureen, "Dance, Girl, Dance" lives up considerably, towards the end, in its burlesque theatre scenes and in its unusual love story. It has a certain charm.—Plaza; showing.

★ LOVE, HONOR, AND OH-BABY

Donald Woods, Kathryn Adams. (Universal.)

A LITTLE different from the average thriller, this film makes fun of gangsters and murder racketeers.

Its story centres on Donald Woods, who, jilted in love, decides to do away with himself. So that his ex-sweetheart can get his insurance money, he engages a couple of killers to do the job for him.

This film has faintly amusing gangster characterisations by Warren Hymer and Marc Lawrence and excitement in a very minor key. Appearing Kathryn Adams and Donald Woods are a likeable young romantic couple.—Capitol; showing.

★ I'M STILL ALIVE

Kent Taylor, Linda Hayes. (RKO.)

A STORY of stunt-men in Hollywood, who risk their lives to provide daredevil thrills for the screen, "I'm Still Alive" is a romantic drama interspersed with comedy.

Kent Taylor plays a stunt pilot who gives up his dangerous career when he marries a temperamental film star (Linda Hayes).

The novelty of its background compensates for the melodramatic treatment of this romance, the stunt-thrills are realistic, and a newcomer, Howard da Silva, in the role of Taylor's best friend, has an intriguing personality.—Plaza; showing.

★ SKY MURDER

Walter Pidgeon, Karen Verne. (MGM.)

WALTER PIDGEON makes his third appearance on the screen as that exasperatingly nonchalant detective, Nick Carter. Donald Meek, playing his eccentric assistant, again tags along.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Murder and heroine Karen Verne (wanted by a gang of Fifth Columnists) play routine parts.

Carter, as usual, anticipates every move of the enemy, and maintains an unconcerned attitude in the face of great danger.

A far less thrilling melodrama than the previous Nick Carter films, "Sky Murder" nevertheless contains a few laughs for which comical Meek is responsible. Joyce Compton as female detective has a foolish role.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Gone With the Wind. Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of novel. Liberty, 32nd week.

★★★ Hired Wife. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne in delightful adult comedy. State, 3rd week.

★★ City For Conquest. Ann Sheridan, James Cagney in gripping human drama. Regent, 2nd week.

★★ The Boys From Syracuse. Allan Jones, Rosemary Lane in amusing musical burlesque. Lyceum, 3rd week.

★★ Unfamed. Ray Milland, Patricia Morison in colorful romantic drama. Mayfair, 2nd week.

★ A Date With Destiny. Basil Rathbone, Ellen Drew in average melodrama. Prince Edward, 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

ELAINE BARRIE, John Barrymore's wife, has just been granted her divorce in Hollywood.

Elaine is the fourth wife to have divorced Barrymore. He was previously married to Katharine Harris, society girl; Michael Strange, the poetess; and Dolores Costello, the film star.

EVIDENTLY Jane Withers' arrival at the so-called "gawky" age will have no immediate effect on her screen career. Jane is no longer a plump and amusing youngster, but producer Darryl Zanuck thinks she will still have plenty of box-office appeal as a slim young lady.

Two new pictures have been added to her schedule. The first is entitled "A Very Young Lady," and the second will be based on an original story by producer Lucien Hubbard dealing with youth camps. It will probably be along the same lines as Jane's last picture, "Youth Will Be Served," which has just been successfully previewed.

BILLIE BURKE has undertaken what she considers the most important job of her long career. She is writing the biography of her late husband, Florenz Ziegfeld.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN will soon return to Hollywood to resume her movie work, sharing honors with Ann Southern in "Maise Was a Lady." Maureen and her baby son Michael have spent several months in Canada, where her husband John Farrow is with the Naval forces.

HOLLYWOOD was surprised to discover that Martha Scott, whose first screen appearance was in "Our Town," has been married since September 16. She became the bride of Carlton Alsop, radio announcer, in New York, on that day.

Martha protests that they hadn't meant to keep it a secret. It just happened that no one in Hollywood knew about it.

MARGARET SULLAVAN has been signed to play opposite Charles Boyer in Universal's remake of "Back Street," in place of Joan Fontaine, who refused the role as unsuited to her particular talents.

LIONEL BARRYMORE is never too old to learn. He is taking mandolin lessons for his next movie.

GARBO has volunteered to take \$25,000 less for her next picture because of the foreign situation. Metro naturally can look for no revenue from European countries, and the Swedish star appreciates their difficulties.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



Soft smooth arms and legs with NEW VEET

FREE OFFER! To put moisture in your hair send this advert, with your name, address and colour of your hair to Box 380-CC, G.P.O., Sydney, and get 3oz Camellia Tonic will be sent free.

The Movie World

December 14, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

19

Hollywood's good deeds...



• Deanna Durbin, lovely young Universal star, whose charitable work extends to the minor but charming detail of seeing that children at local orphanages as well as her own friends receive their useful presents decorated in true Christmas style.



It is only at Christmas time that great publicity is given to the charitable works of Hollywood stars.

I have, for instance, just learnt that Deanna Durbin is helping with Christmas parties for kiddies at local orphanages.

But I know that Deanna, as well as other celebrities in Hollywood, does charitable work all the year round in addition to her continuous work for war relief.

For example, Helen Gahagan, wife of Melvyn Douglas, and herself an actress of note, has devoted more time than any woman in Hollywood to working for the relief of migrant families in California.

Mrs. Ray Milland is another who devotes much time to philanthropic duties of the least glamorous type.

She makes regular tours of the poorer districts of Los Angeles, checking to see where help is really needed, and then taking suitable action.

Recent figures show that the motion-picture studios have so far contributed £110,000 to the War Relief Fund alone.

Among the latest war efforts is that of American cartoonist Walt Disney. He gave a studio party which raised £2600 for the Red Cross.

FILM PLAYERS GIVE UP THEIR SPARE TIME TO MANY CHARITIES...

From JOHN B. DAVIES, in New York

Then Alexander Korda, producer-director from English studios, and husband of Tasmanian Merle Oberon, has divided the proceeds from the premiere of "The Thief of Bagdad," which was held recently in Hollywood, between the British War Relief Fund and the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

It was the first "benefit" premiere ever held in Hollywood.

Tickets for the opening sold at thirty shillings each.

Nor did Korda forget the children.

Two days prior to its Hollywood premiere the producer put on the film for the entertainment of patients at President Roosevelt's foundation for the treatment of infantile paralysis at Warm Springs, Georgia.

The women of Hollywood are just as tireless in their efforts to raise funds for war.

Sylvia Fairbanks, widow of Doug, sen., made a large sum for the British War Relief Fund with her exhibition of famous movie dresses at the Beverly Hills hotel.

Elaborate gowns worn on the screen by Bette Davis, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Vivien Leigh and other players were shown along with a number of dresses from the stars' private wardrobes.

Dummies on which the gowns were exhibited were equipped with amazingly life-like wax heads of the stars.

Even Brian Aherne and his wife, Joan Fontaine, who are among Hollywood's busiest players, find time to aid the war effort.

Already between them they have sent four ambulances to the Red Cross.



• Errol Flynn is registered under America's new law which makes a year's military training compulsory for men under 36. Flynn's age is 31.

From
JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood



• A qualified pilot, Flynn has lately become so engrossed in serious aviation that he is considering deeding to wife Lili Damita his kennels of Rhodesian hounds, with which he has this year (as above) won prizes at Californian dog shows.

THEY ALL WANT WINGS

BRITISH AND AMERICAN PLAYERS
FORMING AN ACTORS' FLYING CLUB
WITH A VIEW TO THE FUTURE

AN extraordinary interest in flying—serious flying—has gripped the film colony in recent weeks.

Those who are already qualified pilots are doing refresher courses; those who have been content with ground-speeding are enrolled

in aviation schools. There is even talk of an Actors' Flying Club.

Leaders in this movement are Errol Flynn, Robert Taylor, and Laurence Olivier.

Flynn's talents as a skilled pilot are well known—as is his disregard for personal safety. He even wished to fly himself to Honolulu, where he has just spent a brief holiday before "Footsteps in the Dark." It took all the weight of Warners' studio to dissuade him.

Errol Flynn is registered under the new American law which makes a year's military training compulsory for men under 36 years of age. As he is not an American citizen, Flynn is not actually eligible for training. He is, however, equipped with ever-increasing flying knowledge.

Robert Taylor has been taking an intensive flying course from local pilot Max Constat. He has also taken his ranch off the market, and will convert a large section of it into a private landing field.

The Actors' Flying Club is, indeed, largely Taylor's idea. He conceives its members maintaining a permanent air-base and the services of a ground staff to look after their planes.

Qualified fliers like James Stewart, Brian Aherne, Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, and Robert Cummings are being canvassed to give their support to this scheme. With the exception of Cummings these men own their own machines. Wallace Beery, one of the pioneers in film industry aviation, is wholeheartedly behind it.

Two such opposite personalities as Laurence Olivier and Jackie Coogan are training as pilots with entrance into the war in view.

Eager to enlist

COOGAN applied for an instructor's job in the Canadian Air Force—he is an American citizen, of course—and was turned down because he had not the required number of flying hours. He is now striving to be accepted as a pilot, or in some other capacity. In a recent interview, he stated, "I want to see England win, and I'd just like to do a little bit to help."

Laurence Olivier's intention of joining the R.A.F. has been public knowledge for months. Not so widely known, however, is the present and strenuous course of air-training being undertaken by Olivier. In fact, he wants United Artists to give him special time off during the production of "Lady Hamilton" so that he can keep up his student's schedule. That is

British player should be bending his energies towards aviation to-day is, of course, understandable.

The American actors are doubtless influenced by this new military training scheme, and, nearer home, by the new cycle of aviation films which lay stress upon the United States' drive for home defence.

Robert Taylor has been working in "Flight Command." Ray Milland in "They Wanted Wings," Dennis Morgan in "50,000 Flyers"—to mention just a few of the topical dramas which hymn the men of the sky.

"Tantrums" on the set

HOW do famous film players behave when things go wrong on the set? It all depends on the player, says director Edmund Goulding, and he ought to know.

According to Goulding Joan Crawford bursts into tears when trouble comes. But the next moment she is all smiles, and ready for work again.

Like Joan, Ann Sheridan has a good cry—and then gets over it.

Dignified Norma Shearer goes home in a huff. Then she sends back a note rebuking the director, or whoever has offended her.

Youthful Judy Garland gets hurt. Indeed, when put out, she is likely to be hurt so deeply that she can't work for the rest of the day. Judy needs a good night's sleep to get over her troubles.

Tact is required to keep Bette Davis happy. Bette likes to thrash out any problems which concern her.

Generally speaking, the men have their emotions under control—but they have their brain-storms too.

When Paul Muni is upset, he closes up like an oyster. The only person he wants to talk to is his wife, and, while the company cools its heels, Mr. and Mrs. Muni wrestle with the particular problem.

On the other hand, James Cagney can't stop talking when he's annoyed. He tries to convince everybody that he, not the director, is right. No matter who wins, Cagney will talk about it for days.

The most "un-temperamental" star of Goulding's experience is Merle Oberon. Even if she has to remake one scene a dozen times, Merle never loses that beautiful calm.

HOORAY! I'm Happy

And so she should be, for mother keeps her safe, sure and regular with genuine Laxettes—the mild chocolate aperient that kiddies love to take.

For thirty years, genuine Laxettes have been preferred by mothers and children in almost every Australian home. Free from habit-forming drugs and harsh purgatives, genuine Laxettes are a sure corrective for Faulty Elimination (incomplete bowel action).

Try a tin today; genuine Laxettes, containing dihydroxydiphenylphthalidum, the non-toxic and safe laxative.

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Be sure your Gift
will be really welcome

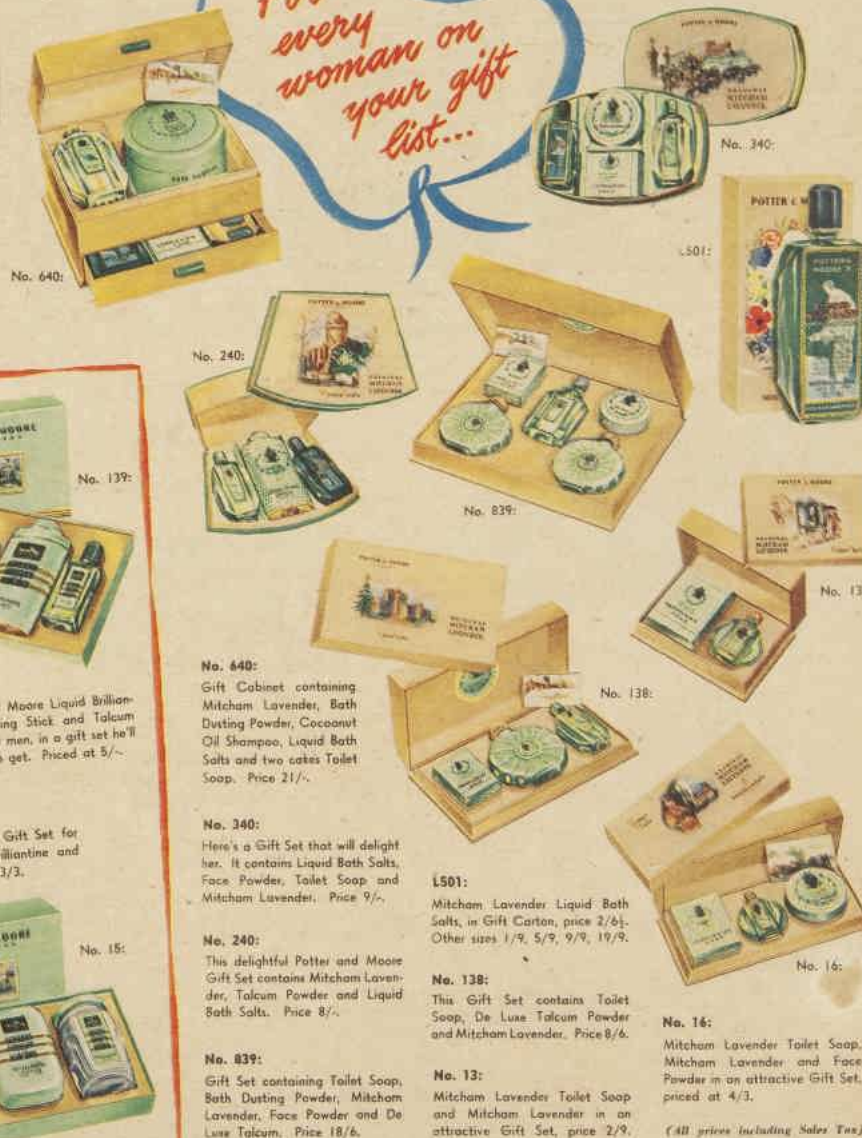
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Distillery, as they have done for 200 years — so that Mitcham Lavender preparations retain all their original lavender fragrance. She'll love your Mitcham Lavender gift for Christmas. He'll appreciate the good taste of Mitcham Lavender preparations for men. See the range at all smart stores and chemists everywhere.

For every woman on your gift list...



L44A:
Original Mitcham Lavender in
sprinkler top bottle in Gift Box.
Price 3/7. Other sizes priced at
1/3, 2/-, 2/6, 7/- and 10/6.

For every man on your gift list.

L110B:

Shaving Bowl De Luxe in green or
white moulded Urea with a year's
supply of Shaving Soap. In gift
carton. Priced at 4/-.

No. 11:
This practical Potter and Moore
Gift Set for men contains
Shaving Bowl De Luxe and Liquid
Brilliantine, priced at 6/-.

No. 139:
Potter and Moore Liquid Brilliantine,
Shaving Stick and Talcum
Powder for men, in a gift set he'll
be glad to get. Priced at 5/-.

No. 15:
A useful Potter and Moore Gift Set for
men — it contains Solid Brilliantine and
Shaving Stick. Priced at 3/3.

No. 562:
This Gift Set for men contains
Liquid Brilliantine, high quality
British Shaving Brush and Shaving
Stick. Priced at 10/3.

No. 562:

No. 21:
Gift Set containing Shaving
Cream de Luxe, Liquid
Brilliantine, Toilet Soap
and Talcum Powder for
Men. Price 6/-.

No. 21:

No. 640:
Gift Cabinet containing
Mitcham Lavender, Bath
Dusting Powder, Coconut
Oil Shampoo, Liquid Bath
Salts and two cates Toilet
Soap. Price 21/-.

No. 340:
Here's a Gift Set that will delight
her. It contains Liquid Bath Salts,
Face Powder, Toilet Soap and
Mitcham Lavender. Price 9/-.

No. 240:
This delightful Potter and Moore
Gift Set contains Mitcham Lavender,
Talcum Powder and Liquid
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Gift Set containing Toilet Soap,
Bath Dusting Powder, Mitcham
Lavender, Face Powder and De
Luxe Talcum. Price 18/6.

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Mitcham Lavender Liquid Bath
Salts, in Gift Carton, price 2/6.
Other sizes 1/9, 5/9, 9/9, 19/9.

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This Gift Set contains Toilet
Soap, De Luxe Talcum Powder
and Mitcham Lavender. Price 8/6.

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Mitcham Lavender Toilet Soap
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attractive Gift Set, price 2/9.

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Mitcham Lavender Toilet Soap,
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Powder in an attractive Gift Set,
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POTTER & MOORE OF LONDON

Give British Empire Products





1 EASY-GOING BOB (Bing Crosby) is employed by composer Courtney (Basil Rathbone) to write tunes which Rathbone pretends are his.



2 ON WAY to uncle's inn, Bob meets Cherry (Mary Martin), lyric writer of Courtney's music.



3 AT THIS peaceful resort, although unaware that both are ghost-writing for Courtney, Bob and Cherry are immediately attracted to each other through their love of music.



4 VISITING Courtney later, an astonished Cherry discovers that Bob writes Courtney's music.



5 DESERTING Courtney, she and Bob collaborate on song writing under their own names, but cannot sell their music as it is "too like Courtney's."



6 IN LAST desperate effort to sell their own work, the pair pool their resources with an out-of-work orchestra, which plays their music in an audition for real-life band-leader John Scott Trotter and a music publisher.

"RHYTHM on the RIVER" ...for Mary

From BARBARA BOURCHIER,
in Hollywood

THE Paramount musical, "Rhythm on the River," gives auburn-haired singer Mary Martin her first modern role on the screen.

In this film Mary's personality is that of the vivacious, ultra-modern miss who won fame on Broadway—and a movie contract from Paramount—in last year's stage musical, "Leave It to Me."

The Mary you saw in "The Great Victor Herbert" was a demure miss in the frills and shady hats of the 'nineties.

"Rhythm on the River" co-stars the singer with Bing Crosby in a story about two ambitious young song-writers in New York.

Sings with Bing

BETWEEN them Mary and Bing sing no fewer than seven numbers—written by Victor Schertzinger, Johnny Burke, and James V. Monaco, who have composed many popular song hits.

Paramount has now decided that all Mary's future stories will have a setting of bright city lights and the accompaniment of modern rhythm.

In her next film, "Love Thy Neighbor," Mary will sing her famous stage song, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." Fast-talking American radio entertainer, Jack Benny, will handle the racy comedy.

Two other modern scripts are now being prepared for Miss Martin.

One is the satire, "Kiss the Boys Good-Bye," by Clare Boothe, author of "The Women"; the other is "New York Town," in which Fred Mac-Murray will be Mary's leading man.



to beauty . . . glamour . . . allure: a refreshing bath with a creamy, smooth-as-satin soap—by Roger & Gallet. For over 100 years Roger & Gallet soap has made lovely women more lovely. Choose the perfume to flatter YOUR personality: Camomile, Sandalwood or Violet.

To keep you sweet-smelling and light-hearted all day long—after your bath, apply Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne with a friction glove—it's refreshing . . . invigorating . . . irresistible.

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This is young JUDY CANOVA of "Scatterbrain"

SHE TURNED HER
OWN FAMILY INTO
VARIETY TROUPE

From CHRISTINE WEBB
in Hollywood



• Hillbilly playmates in Georgia taught Judy Canova how to ride a mule: and she still does—for fun.

WITH one role, that of the hillbilly girl in Republic's comedy, "Scatterbrain," Judy Canova has become a screen hit. She is a singer, a comedienne, a mad dancer—and she did it all by herself.

It began in Florida, when Judy's father lost all his money in the collapse of the real-estate boom, and the young Canovas began to run wild among the colorful people of the backwoods and the hills. Eleven-year-old Judy picked up the hillbilly dialect and songs, marched into a radio station at Jacksonville, Florida, and demanded an audition. She got it, and the family fortunes were on the upswing.

Renamed relatives

HER next step was to take dancing lessons, and turn her sister Diana and her brothers Leo and Peter into a hillbilly troupe with herself. Up to that time she answered to her own real name of Julietta; Judy was her own idea, and she christened the others Annie, Zeke, and Pete.

Judy was still going to school, and having a difficult time with her spelling—she still has! Annoyed by her habit of breaking up class routine by dashing into her hillbilly act, her teachers told her

sarcastically that she ought to be in vaudeville.

Judy thought so too. Her father had died, and she coaxed her gentle mother to pack up and take the four Canovas from Florida to New York. There the youngsters obtained their first professional engagement—in a Greenwich night-club.

Stage found them

FOLLOWED a year in vaudeville, a Broadway show, a year—no less—as guest artists on Paul Whiteman's radio programme, more Broadway shows, and a trip to London. There were a couple of films in between—"Artists and Models" was one. But it was not until this year, when Judy was starring on Broadway in "Yokel Boy," that Republic persuaded her to go back to Hollywood for "Scatterbrain."

Now there is another film ready for Judy, an adaptation of the stage play, "Sis Hopkins." Republic promises to spend £125,000 on its production, but you cannot persuade Judy to become concerned about it.

"I reckon how my success just happened," Judy told me, dropping into that hillbilly dialect which sits so amusingly on the smart, beautifully groomed person she is in real life. But do not believe her. It has taken pluck, hard study, and the shrewdest of comedy talents to put Judy—bringing with her Annie, Pete and Zeke—where she is to-day.



• Sophisticate Judy enjoys buying model frocks and going dancing in New York's night-clubs.



• Fishing has been a Canova pastime ever since father Canova, cotton-broker, took his four children deep-sea fishing off Florida.

Hollywood Suggests Max Factor Gift Caskets

A thrilling gift that every woman will remember long after the Holiday Season. Available in Color Harmony shades for blonde, brunette, brunette or red-head.

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Max Factor

Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia:
Fred C. James and
Geo. H. Anderson Pty. Ltd.,
Box 3962V., G.P.O., Sydney.



Sold at all leading Stores and Chemists and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor a special Gift Box. Price £1/14/6

Hollywood, your personal Complimentation Analysis and Color Harmony Chart, listing the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick for your individual type.

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By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor a special Gift Box. Price £1/14/6

Hollywood, your personal Complimentation Analysis and Color Harmony Chart, listing the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick for your individual type.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY OR TOWN _____

STATE _____

COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Very Light	Blue	Light	Very Fair
Light	Blue	Light	Fair
Medium	Blue	Light	Medium
Dark	Blue	Light	Dark
Very Dark	Blue	Light	Very Dark
Light	Green	Light	Light
Medium	Green	Light	Medium
Dark	Green	Light	Dark
Very Dark	Green	Light	Very Dark
Light	Brown	Light	Light
Medium	Brown	Light	Medium
Dark	Brown	Light	Dark
Very Dark	Brown	Light	Very Dark
Light	Black	Light	Light
Medium	Black	Light	Medium
Dark	Black	Light	Dark
Very Dark	Black	Light	Very Dark

Max Factor Gift Box. Price £1/14/6

Hollywood, your personal Complimentation Analysis and Color Harmony Chart, listing the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick for your individual type.



I'm giving—he's giving—she's giving

—we're all giving

Yardley



Yardley is the answer in a word to gift-time problems. These and many other Yardley Christmas Packages await your choice, no further away than your own chemist or fine store. To delight a lady in whom you have a special and tender interest, to compliment a matron, to convey your respects to a well-loved friend, to say 'thank you' in the most gracious way, choose Yardley, the gifts of unmistakeable quality.

1 Bond Street Perfume, in royally embossed wrappings, 9/- to 25/-

2 April Violets Soap and Talc, 4/3

3 Lavender Soap and Talc, 6/6

4 Lavender Talc and twelve Bath Salt Tablets, 6/6

5 Lavender Perfume, Soap and Talc, 6/-

6 Lavender Perfume, Soap and Talc, 8/6

Prices plus Sales Tax

7 Yardley Lavender Perfume, 3/- to 21/-

8 Vanity Case, Lavender Perfume, Soap and Face Powder, 18/6

9 Shaving Bowl and Brilliantine, 5/5

10 Lavender Perfume and six Sachets, 10/-

11 Lavender Perfume, Soap, Face Powder, Bath Salt Tablets, and Vanity Case, 25/-

12 Lavender Bath Salts, Perfume, Soap and Talc, 13/6

Prices plus Sales Tax



 YARDLEY OF OLD BOND STREET, LONDON 

PORTFOLIO of FASHION and Beauty

December 14, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

25

IMPORTANT SILHOUETTES

In sophisticated frocks
... and young hats

• The artist's beret interpreted in kingfisher-blue felt, and cleverly folded to look like a double halo.

• Filmy, blue-green sheer, pin-striped with white — the trim, slender bodice counteracted by full sleeves and a flowing skirt.

• Silk crepe in Mexican mustard, spotted with white, and made with a fitted jacket top with bracelet sleeves and a skirt featuring front fullness.

• Youthful halo bonnet in fiesta-red, with an unusual double brim, and square crown banded with white gros-grain ribbon.

• Tomato-red silk printed with amusing white swirls for a column-slim frock, which revives the charm of the bustle bow and back fullness.

• Fine white checks on a ground of cool peppermint-green crepe is selected for a frock with cunning yoke and the popular long torso line, with skirt gathered at the back.

P. R. M.



CHRISTMAS PARTYING . . .



• The pencil-slim silhouette in a cleverly-draped gown interpreted in exotic silk crepe, with grey feather plumes curling over a royal-blue background. (Above.)

• Dramatic black satin for a formal dinner party. The slender-fitting bodice is pointed in front, basque style, and fastens with self-covered buttons. The straight skirt is slightly draped at the hip, hinting of the peg-top line. With it a square turban of black satin. (Centre.)

• Mainbocher's billowy frock of white marquisette, with floral crepe in bright rose on white appliqued in bands at the neck and waist. The long, fitted coat is in the same crepe. (Top right.)



INDIVIDUAL hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and overseas fashion photos. Prices from 3/6.

LINEN ... or like it

Classic frocks with snappy "go-withs" inspired in New York.

Sketched by PETROV



8.—Intriguingly patriotic buttons done in air-force colors.

9.—Remember the kid brother's school cap? Copy it in red, white, and blue.

10.—Huge, sun-defying hat made of stitched linen in brilliant blue.

11.—Plain white cotton gloves and bag with masses of tassels.

Teeth brushed,
bath over—
now to bed!

OH, NO, BETTY...
DON'T FORGET TO
LUX US OR
TOMORROW WE'LL
OFFEND WITH
PERSPIRATION
ODOUR.

Don't risk embarrassment, humiliation!
be a **LUX**
CHANGE DAILY GIRL

AS SOON AS YOU TAKE OFF YOUR
UNDIES, POP THEM INTO RICH, GENTLE
LUX TO WHISK OUT PERSPIRATION
AND KEEP THEM NEW—
LOOKING LONGER.

**LUX DOES NOT
CONTAIN SODA**

LUX
Stockings
too—and
cut down
on ladders

1.—Classic shirtwaist style in fighting-red linen with tailored sweater-top and skirt featuring unpressed pleats.

2.—Spectator sports style in white pique, with slightly flared skirt and scalloped hip and shoulder yokes piped with royal-blue cotton braid.

3.—Simple, high-necked style

in bright blue American cotton with pleated skirt and rows of buttons on the bodice.

4.—Frosty-white coconut straw—so light it demands a ribbon chinstrap to anchor it.

5.—Dramatic sandal in blue suede with broad ankle-strap and bright red wedge heel.

6.—A blue ribbed sleeveless sweater—pocketed, and designed on slim, tunic lines. Worn over a linen shirtmaker, it's ideal for active sports.

7.—An amusing new belt inspired in Hollywood, of course. It's made with a tape measure, with a buckle of two cotton reels and thimbles.

A LEVER PRODUCT

5.527.25



Here's
Christmas Cheer
from Swallow's!



RECIPE FOR A BETTER CHRISTMAS:
SERVE SWALLOW'S **TASTIER** THINGS TO EAT!

What a fine array of Festival Fare from the kitchens of SWALLOW'S! There's SWALLOW'S rich, spicy Plum Pudding, prepared from the very finest ingredients and cooked with rare cunning, by SWALLOW'S master cooks, to a true Olde Englyshe recipe. And there's four of SWALLOW'S wide assortment of Biscuit Favourites attractively packed for the party, compact for the picnic, striking the right note for festivities by beach or bushland as well as in the home. And to retain their kitchen-freshness every one of SWALLOW'S products is specially "tropic-packed" into airtight tins.

See that Swallow & Ariell's products take a prominent place on your menu this Christmas - and make up a parcel of SWALLOW'S Christmas Cheer to send to the boys in camp.



**SWALLOW
AND
ARIELL LTD**

Famous for Biscuits, Cakes, Puddings.

For the sake of . . . YOUR HANDS

TRY this beauty routine for hand massage and exercise. It's splendid for keeping youth in your hands . . . for making them supple, graceful . . . for keeping the skin smooth and unwrinkled . . . for keeping their character and personality.

Add to this good careful manicuring with nails attractively varnished and it will help your hands to stay young and lovely.

BY JANETTE



(ABOVE) 1.—TO KEEP the skin on your fingers smooth and unwrinkled, put on imaginary gloves. With thumb and index finger of one hand, smooth each finger of the other hand, gradually working from tip to palm.

(LEFT) 2.—FOR SUPPLE FINGERS, hold your fingers around a ball and then lift one after the other, as shown here by Gale Storm, RKO starlet.



3.—PIANO PLAYING on an unseen piano helps to keep youth in your hands. Bend arms at elbows, lift wrists and poise them like a concert pianist. Then pretend you are playing a fast tune, snapping the fingers back and forth.



4.—HERE IS A CURE for swollen hands or fingers, called the "jitterbug" routine. Raise the hands to a level with your eyebrows and then "jitterbug" them—that is, wiggle, waggle, and shake your fingers all at once. This is splendid for circulation, too.

HAND grooming is one thing, but the preservation of the youth of your hands is something else again.

Age, so the beauty experts say, shows in the hands first. No matter how much time you spend on very essential hand grooming and manicuring, the skin will gradually discolor and wrinkle as the years go by, and knuckles will lose their smooth contours unless you do something to retain the slender youthfulness of your hands.

Hand exercise and hand massage are the two most important secrets of hand youth. Fingers are kept flexible if the circulation of the blood is kept normal. Hands are red when circulation is below par.

Massage good

MASSAGE of the fingers at the base is excellent. So, especially if the joints are thickening, is vigorous massage of the joints at the tip and middle of the finger.

Shaking the hands from the wrists is as simple as can be, and wonderfully good for them as it brings the blood rushing right to the tips of the fingers.

The shape of your hands does not matter nowadays. Once it was the thing to have small, shell-pink and obviously helpless hands.

The hand that captures admiration to-day is the hand expressing character and not necessarily small. It is more often large and strong-looking, with flexible fingers, beautifully groomed, and finished with the right shade of nail varnish.

Fingers can be short or long, slim or sturdy. But they must be vital-looking.

The four exercises shown above, if done regularly, will help to make your hands graceful and keep them young-looking.

Exclusive Gifts . . .
AND SO AMAZINGLY INEXPENSIVE!

★ **Baronova**

DUSTING POWDER (below)	3/9
BATH SALTS (below right)	3/6
BATH SOAP	3/6
EAU DE COLOGNE	4/6

BY **paul Duval**

★ These "luxuriously different" Toilet Preparations were created by Paul Duval specially for the personal use of lovely Irina Baronova, the world-famous Ballerina. Exclusive, exquisitely perfumed, beautifully packed, and so economically priced, they provide the perfect answer to your "special" Christmas gift problems.

Baronova Beauty Aids are available only at:

DAVID JONES LTD.	SYDNEY	BOAYS LIMITED	PERTH
MYER EMPORIUM LTD.	MELBOURNE	FINNEY ISLES LTD.	BRISBANE
JOHN MARTIN LTD.	ADELAIDE	BROWNELLS LTD.	HOBART

Paul Duval Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, and Exclusive Country Chemists

pond's
INDELIBLE
lipstick
really
stays on!

Eating, smoking, swimming, kissing . . . or whatever you're doing, you can be sure that Pond's Indelible Lipstick really stays on! Pond's Indelible Lipstick is never greasy or drying on your lips. It has a satiny smooth yet firm texture. It's natural looking, lasting, and constant in colour. Pond's Indelible Lipstick shades are

blended scientifically to keep their rich colour in the bright sunlight or under the glare of electric lights. Here's a new kind of lipstick that is as alluring by night as it is by day . . . and remember Pond's Indelible Lipstick really stays on. Six smart new shades, price 2/0½d. and 1/0½d. (including Sales Tax) at all chemists and stores.

Day and night use

pond's INDELIBLE
lipstick



(4.11)



GOOD HEALTH

IS THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL

What can life contain for those who do not enjoy good health?... Good health is the foundation upon which is built happiness, charm, efficiency, sturdiness, growth and all of the desirable things of life... But good health is not merely accidental—it is largely the result of exercise, fresh air, rest and the eating of carefully chosen foods.

The Sanitarium Health Food Company provides for you Nature's foods in convenient and deliciously tasty form... their chief ingredients are Nature's ingredients in which the rich healthful nutriment is retained.

FREE GIFT

The response of the housewives of Australia to our introductory free gift scheme has been so outstanding that we are pleased to announce that we now offer to exchange useful and valuable free gifts for coupons from twenty-two (22) different varieties of the famous Sanitarium Health Foods and also that coupons from each of these twenty-two products combine for any free gift.

THIS MEANS YOU NOW GET YOUR FREE GIFTS TWENTY-ONE TIMES QUICKER.

• CORN FLAKES	• GLUTEN BISCUITS	• CERIX PUFFED WHEAT
• GRANOSE	• NUT MEATS	• CERIX PUFFED RICE
• WEET-BIX	• PROTOSÉ	• SOYA BEANS
• GRANOLA	• NUT CHEESE	• BAKED BEANS
• GRAINUT	• PEANUT BUTTER	• BIXIES
• DIABETIC MEAL	• KWIC-BRU	• GLUTEN MEAL
• MALTED NUTS	• DIABETIC ROLLS	• SAN-BRAN
• MARMITE		

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- | | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| • CORN FLAKES | • GLUTEN BISCUITS | • CERIX PUFFED WHEAT |
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| • WEET-BIX | • PROTOSÉ | • SOYA BEANS |
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| • DIABETIC MEAL | • KWIC-BRU | • GLUTEN MEAL |
| • MALTED NUTS | • DIABETIC ROLLS | • SAN-BRAN |
| • MARMITE | | |



WHAT TO DO!

All gifts are available at the following addresses:—

SYDNEY 11 Hunter Street.
MELBOURNE York House, Little Collins St., Opp. Australia Arcade.
PERTH Sanitarium Health Food Gift Shop, Central Arcade, Hay Street.
HOBART 43 Elizabeth Street.
LAUNCESTON 82 Charles Street.
NEWCASTLE Cnr. Tudor St. and Parkway Ave., Hamilton.

If you cannot call, send your coupons (in separate package with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amount for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts. This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia.

IMPORTANT—Wartime conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS

Fashion PATTERNS

**Glamour for all
occasions—for sports,
jaunts to town, and
formal evenings.**



F3181

F3181. — Slim-making evening style for smart matrons. 38 to 44 bust. Requires: 5½ to 6½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F3165. — High-waisted afternoon frock with unusual gathered bodice. 32 to 36 bust. Requires: 4½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F3154. — New style for florals, featuring new bodice treatment and full skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F3150. — Chic black frock with a clever flash of color introduced on the bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½ yds., and ½ yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F2050. — Button-up style with slightly bloused bodice and huge pockets at the hipline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F2051. — Dressy frock with Dutch boy pockets and front fullness in the skirt, and a clever band of shirring on the bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F2052. — Flared overall-shorts and a simply tailored blouse. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½ yds. for blouse, and 2 yds. for shorts, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

Please Note!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



F3165



F2052



F3150

F2050

F2051



1

2



3

Special Concession Pattern

THREE fetching
styles for very
young things.

Cut in sizes 2
to 8 years.

No. 1. Requires
1½ yds., and ½ yd.
contrast, 36ins.
wide.

No. 2. Requires
1½ yds., and ½ yd.
contrast, 36ins.
wide.

No. 3. Requires
1½ yds., and ½ yd.
contrast, 36ins.
wide.

Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old be extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:
Box 38A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 406F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 388, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY
IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME
STREET
SUBURB
TOWN
STATE
SIZE

Pattern Coupon, 14/12/40.

EXOTIC—the new COSMETICS

Have you wrinkles? Are you astonished you have not the success you deserve?

A face with wrinkles is the worst introduction. Never and nowhere can you make a hit with it. A smooth, young face without wrinkles attracts admiration, love, and confidence.

Remove your wrinkles with EXOTIC EYE CREAM, the greatest achievement of medicine and cosmetics.

Our motto is: WRINKLES BANISHED OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED.

Ask for it in your store at your chemist, or the EXOTIC Shop, 324 Mr. Mallett's Arcade, Sydney, where our beauty experts give our customers FREE advice and FREE make-up.

In Queensland: L. A. Wilsons Northern Pty. Ltd.

Agents for Victoria: McRoberts & Oakley, 358 Bourke Street, Melbourne.

DOGS (A Book)

How to Train and Break-in Sheep Dogs, How to Breed, Prevent Dis-temper, etc.

PRICE 3/7 POSTED.

Obtainable only from F. W. J. SOLE, WATERVIEW, GUYRA, N.S.W.

MRS. MATTHEWS

THEWS threw him an indignant little smile. "You would not ask me that question if you were a woman, Superintendent," she said. "I am Guy's mother. I could never agree to be parted from my boy unless it were for some very, very good reason."

"In fact, you opposed it, Mrs. Matthews?"

She gave a wise laugh. "Well, yes, I suppose you may say that I opposed it. But I have told you that I understood my brother-in-law, and I knew that his plan wouldn't come to anything."

Hannasyde glanced at Stella. She was sitting perfectly still with her eyes cast down and her mouth set rather sternly. His gaze returned to Mrs. Matthews' face. "Was there any bad feeling between you over the affair?"

"Thank heaven, no!" she replied. "When he died we were on the same affectionate terms as ever."

"But you can't deny that you quarrelled with your brother-in-law?"

She sank her voice a tone. "There had been—not a quarrel, but a feeling of—of—how shall I put it?—of hurt on my side, and I'm sorry to

Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 13

say a little bitterness. I did allow myself to be cross with him when he first broached the question of Brazil. It was mother-instinct, but very foolish of me, and I am thankful to say that I got it under."

"I knew all the time that my brother-in-law would never insist on doing anything against my wishes. One just had to be tactful. You do not know what a comfort it is to me to be able to say that at the time of Gregory's death there was no shadow of coolness between us."

"I can well imagine that it must be," replied Hannasyde.

It was over an hour later when he and Inspector Davis left the Poplars, and the Inspector was frankly exasperated. As he walked beside Hannasyde down the drive he said: "Well, I always heard that the old lady was a caution, but if you ask me Mrs. Matthews is the worst of the two! I'm darned if I know what to make of her, and that's a fact!"

"Yes, she's difficult," agreed Hannasyde. "It's always hard when dealing with that type of woman to know when they're speaking the

truth as it was, and when they're speaking of it as they think it was."

"Hullo, Hemingway!"

Sergeant Hemingway, a brisk person with a pair of bright eyes and an engaging smile, who had been waiting for his chief outside the gate, fell into step beside him, and said cheerfully: "I'll tell you something, Super. We aren't going to like this case, not by a long chalk. You know what it smelt like in the servants' quarters? Psa-soup!"

The Inspector, who was not acquainted with Hemingway, looked a little puzzled, and said: "Eh?"

"Figure of speech," explained the Sergeant. "Get anything your end, Super?"

"Not much," replied Hannasyde. "It's early yet."

"Early or late, I don't like poisoning cases," said the Sergeant. "Give me a nice clean bullet-wound where I've got something to go on, and not too many doctors to mess the case up disagreeing with one another! Ever handled a case of nicotine-poisoning before, Inspector?"

"No, I can't say I have," admitted the Inspector.

"If I know anything about it you won't want to handle another by the time we're through with this," prophesied the Sergeant.

"What I don't like about it," said the Inspector slowly, "is this nicotine. It seems to me the doctors don't properly understand it, judging from that report you showed me, Superintendent. I mean, if there was no more than a slight trace of it in the stomach, so as to make them think he can't have swallowed much, and yet—"

"It is quite possible," said Hannasyde, "that he didn't swallow any poison at all."

"What?" demanded the Inspector. "Cases have been known," continued Hannasyde, "where nicotine has either been injected subcutaneously, or even absorbed through the skin, with fatal results. There was apparently an instance once, years ago, of a whole squadron of Hussars being made ill by trying to smuggle tobacco next their skins."

"There you are! What did I tell you?" said the Sergeant. "Nice, simple case we've got when we don't even know whether the poor fellow drank the dope or had it poured over him! One thing, it looks as though whoever did the murder knew a bit about poisons."

"Yes. Or had read it up," said Hannasyde. "As far as I can see it ought not to be a very difficult matter—given a little chemical knowledge—to prepare nicotine. What did you get out of the servants, Hemingway?"

"Plenty," answered the Sergeant promptly. "A sight too much for my taste. According to them any one of the family would have been glad of the chance to do old Matthews in. Proper sort of tyrant he seems to have been. The cook thinks it was Mrs. Matthews, on account of the old man wanting to ship his nephew off to Brazil, but what's the use of that? I don't say it isn't good psychology. It is. But so far I don't get any sort of line on the Matthews dame. No evidence. Then there's a classy bit of goods calling herself Rose Davenport."

Inspector Davis grinned. "I know her," he said.

"Well, she thinks the niece did it, because her uncle didn't cotton to her marrying the doctor. At least, that's the reason she gave me, but what she meant was that Miss Stella Matthews makes a lot more work in the house than little Rosebud likes. After that I had a go at the under-housemaid. Country girl, name of Stevens. She doesn't think anything, never having been brought up to it."

"Ruling out a couple of gardeners and the kitchen-maid, there's the butler. I've got his evidence taped for you, Chief, and it's the best of a bad lot, which is all I'll say for it. Main points being that when he went up to bed a few minutes after eleven he saw Miss Harriet Matthews come out of her brother's room."

"Did he indeed?" said Hannasyde. "That's interesting. She gave me to understand that she didn't see Matthews after he went up to bed."

"Well, if you're pleased, Super, it's O.K. by me," said the Sergeant. "But if you know what motive she had for doing the old boy in you know a sight more than I could find out."

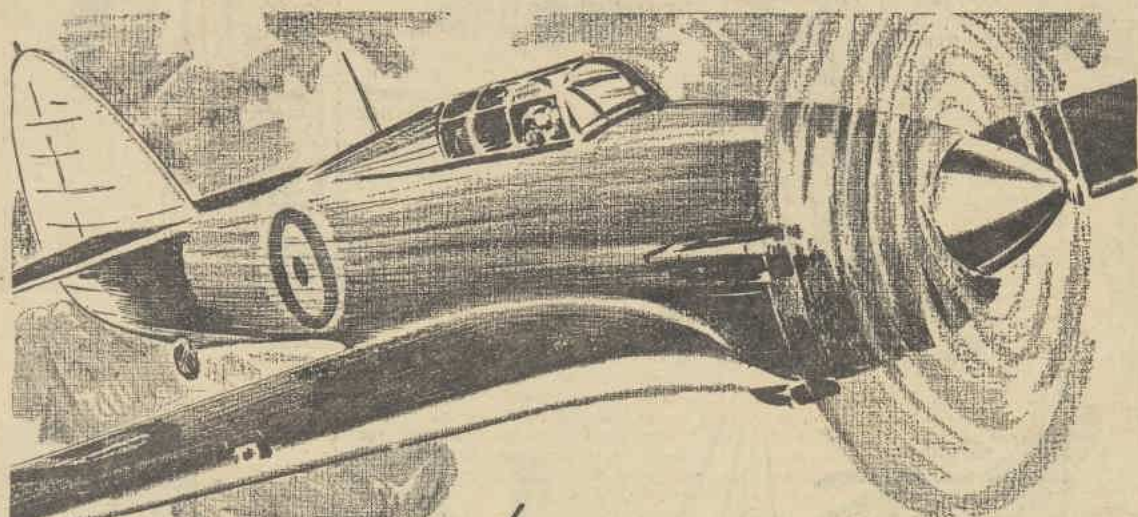
"She's a very eccentric kind of woman," said the Inspector thoughtfully. "Regular cough-drop."

"Well, I'm bound to say I haven't so far come across a case of anyone doing a murder just because he was eccentric," said the Sergeant, "but that isn't to say I won't. Maybe you'll like my next bit of evidence. According to Beecher there was a brand-new bottle of some tonic or other blown over into the washbasin in Matthews' bathroom, and consequently smashed. Miss Harriet found it and disposed of the bits of glass by dropping them into the kitchen-stove. Seems a funny thing to do, to my way of thinking, but the servants made nothing of it. Said it was the sort of silly trick she would get up to."

"My last titbit is highly scandalous. They say the doctor drinks. Beecher-the-Butler has it firmly wedged in his head that Matthews had got something on the doctor, but unless it was him being overfond of the bottle he doesn't know what it may have been."

"The doctor gave me a perfectly straightforward account of that," replied Hannasyde. "Matthews appears to have threatened to broadcast the fact that Fielding's father died in an inebriate's home if Fielding didn't leave his niece alone."

Please turn to page 34



FIGHTING for FREEDOM

To drive the enemy from the skies . . . to sweep him from the seas . . . that is our grim but vital objective. Though your own role in this war may be humble and obscure you can put your MONEY on active service. Money is essential to victory; it is a tremendous fighting force against which nothing can prevail. Volunteer your savings! Invest them in the Freedom Loan for Victory and Progress. Make your application NOW to any Bank, Money Order Post Office, or Stockbroker.

Interest 2½ per cent. for 5 years' term, or 3½ per cent. for 10-16 years. Subscriptions may be paid by instalments. Proceeds of the Loan are for War purposes and Public Works. Interest will be free from State Taxation.

Invest in the LOAN

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Very medical...

RUN into Mary Jensen, exhausted after her trousseau shopping. Ceremony is on December 23, at St. Mark's. "Awfully medical, my wedding," she says. Fiance Dr. Neville Rowlands will be attended by Dr. Garth McQueen and Dr. Don Finlay. Ushers will be Doctors John Hardcastle, Richard Stafford, Sinclair Finlay... all six have just graduated together.

And Mary will be given away by a doctor—her father, Dr. F. J. Jensen, of Darling Point.

On the wedding day Mary's sister also becomes her sister-in-law—she is Mrs. Fred Rowlands.

Elusive beetle...

(C)ROCODILES of excited school-children converge on Minerva Theatre from all directions when Heather Gell presents "The Blue Bird." Circle and stalls simply a mass of school uniforms, dotted here and there with proud mothers of young ones taking part.

One youngster brings with him one of those toy beetles, which makes more noise than any normal beetle... and no efforts of distracted teachers can discover exactly which little boy has that beetle.

Pianist Daphne Harpur, who gives entire musical programme during the performance, brings her small niece, Audrey Harpur.

Mrs. B. B. O'Connor arrives with her infant, Jennifer, stopping in the foyer to show her to Miss Wilkinson, of S.C.E.G.G.S. Mrs. O'Connor is an old girl of the school. Mrs. W. E. Hopkins brings daughters Merelyn and Sonia dressed in pretty muslins and matching hair-ribbons.

Backstage I find Heather Macleod, a decorative dewdrop, and pretty Eve Playfair, representing sweet perfumes.

Cute black bonnet...

HEAR from Adelaide that Annette Stogdale's cocktail chapeau causes fashion sensation... exactly like a baby's bonnet it is, of black velvet with pearl-studded edge, and ribbons tying beneath her chin.

Ann stays in Adelaide until her cousin, Arthur Porter, and other A.I.F.-ers fly from Cowra camp on leave. Helps them celebrate before leaving for Melbourne to spend another week with Mrs. Gerald Hack. She is due home any day.

Nothing strange...

THERE'S nothing strange about locality of her new home for Mrs. William Service... Jean McKenzie before her wedding. It is in St. George's Crescent, Drummoyne, just down the road from her parents' home.

Her husband, Dr. Service, also lived in St. George's Crescent—just across the road from the McKenzies—and now he has bought a house a few doors along for his bride.

Jean wears lovely white Chantilly lace for bridal gown. Jacaranda-blue for her attendants, who are her sister, Mrs. Hurtle Cudmore, of Quirindi, and Mrs. John Lambie.

Sea Scouts form guard of honor as they leave Drummoyne Presbyterian Church. Bridegroom is their hon. medical officer.

Country guests at ceremony are the Ken and Alan McKenzies, of Allo-Omber, Nundle. They stay in town until Sunday, when the Ken McKenzies celebrate their fourth wedding anniversary.

Just engaged...

BRENDA WILSON is wearing lovely diamond-and-sapphire ring as from this Tuesday... presented by Kenneth Inglis. They announce engagement on Beryl's birthday at family dinner party.

Beryl is the daughter of the Thomas Wilsons, of Cremorne, and her fiance the second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Inglis, of Vaucluse.

Incidentally... Ken's six-weeks-old niece, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Alec Inglis, of Brisbane, is called Dain Alexandra.

Grand slams...

AUSTRALIA HOTEL banquet hall packed with 350 earnest bridge players for evening card party in aid of Day Nursery Association. Only ones I spy not trying for grand slams are Mrs. Sep Levy, Mrs. Orwell Phillips, Mrs. Ambrose Gaffney, Mrs. Frank Hill, Mrs. C. Lethbridge... all poker devotees.

Party arranged by Mrs. W. P. McElhone and Mrs. H. Edward, who look pleased with results—£100.

Sheila and Nancy Connor and Nancy Heath are attractive sweets sellers. Customers include Baroness de Tuyl, Mesdames Herbert Clarke, Ross Wheatley, David Hill, Dr. Percy Cooley, Mr. G. A. Parkes, Mr. Frank Taylor, Mr. A. M. Wallace, who are among the few men present.

Mrs. Cecil Johnson, pausing for breath as she wheels around tray-mob of Christmas gifts to sell, tells me Noah's Ark is strewn all over her Edgecliff house. Seems that 30ft. ark is under construction in back yard when sudden storm arises and blows it in all directions. Later inquiry reveals that after concentrated effort the ark is put together again in time to house lucky packets in Martin Place on Red Cross Day.

Helpers get together...

CONVERSATION about war works and Comforts Funds drowns clatter of teacups and soft music when the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Crick) gives afternoon tea party in her rooms at the Town Hall. Not surprising, as guests are leading helpers with Anzac Buffet and Lord Mayor's War Fund depot.

Countrywoman Mrs. J. W. C. Beve-ridge stops to tell me Land Army is thriving. Mrs. Sam Jones, passing by, says 2000 meals were served at Anzac Buffet on previous day.

Lady Julius wears, pinned to her navy frock, lovely old Queen Victoria fob watch, in blue enamel... brought from England by her father when he was there for the old Queen's jubilee.

Premier Alex. Mair's wife, Lady Nock, Lady Davidson, Mesdames Mick Bruxner, Oliver Osborne, C. G. N. Miles others present.

Making my exit I peep into darkened foyer, where newsreel "London Can Take It" is being shown to N.E.S. to show that London can.

Did you know?...

NOEL COWARD will be 41 on Monday, December 16. He will spend Christmas with the Prime Minister and Mrs. Bob Menzies.

Eternity diamond ring is wedding gift chosen by Ron Potter for his bride-elect, Margaret Bremner. They wed this Saturday at St. Stephen's.



● SCHOOLDAYS are almost over for Fairlie Kent (left) and Sheila McQueen... arranging their handiwork for Hopewood House "At Home."



● MRS. RON PATRICK chooses china for her Darby and Joan table in table-setting competition... in aid of Sydney Hospital.



● "DESIGN FOR LIVING" is the reason why Mrs. Herbert Douglas (left) and Mrs. Syd Croll are hurrying into Minerva.



● WITH CARE Joan Marshall and Mary Jeffers handle the Christmas cakes they made and iced for Hopewood House students' exhibition. Joan's won first prize.



● TWO HEADS are better than one... so say Betty Field (left) and Karma Aboud, trying to pick winners at Randwick races.



● CHEER FOR SOLDIERS... Rachel Storey and Patricia Gibson sewing up bales for consignment to soldiers.



● JUST MARRIED... George Murphy and his bride (formerly Eame Mayo) at their wedding reception, held at the David Prattens' Pymble home.



● THE LADY MAYORESS entertains at tea... two of her guests, Mrs. Horace Newman and Mrs. C. Grimes. Town Hall the rendezvous.

Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 32

THE Sergeant opened his eyes at that. "What things they do get up to in the suburbs!" he remarked admiringly. "Now, some people might call that blackmail, Super."

Hannasyde nodded. "I do myself."

"Blackmail's one of the most powerful motives for murder I know, Super."

"Admittedly. But I didn't get the impression that Fielding was so desperately in love with Miss Stella that he'd commit murder on her account."

The Inspector, who had been listening with knit brows, said: "It wouldn't surprise me if the doctor thought Miss Stella was going to inherit a tidy little fortune. I'd have gone bail myself. Matthews would have left the lot to her, or most of it anyway. Very fond of her he was, judging from all I hear. Gave her a snappy sports car only six months ago, and he wasn't the sort to give anything to someone he didn't like a good bit."

Hannasyde was silent for a moment. Then he said: "Why nicotine? He's been attending Matthews, and we know that Matthews wasn't a good life. If he'd wanted to murder him wouldn't he have done it gradually, so that no one would ever have suspected?"

"There's that, of course," agreed Hemingway. "On the other hand, nicotine looks to me like the very poison you wouldn't expect a doctor to use. How's that, Chief?"

"Yes, I had thought of that," said Hannasyde.

"That's where psychology comes in," said the Sergeant briskly. "What's our next move?"

"I've got to see Mrs. Lupton, Matthews' elder sister. It transpired that it was she who demanded the P.M."

"Well, well, well!" said the Sergeant. "So it wasn't Plausible Percy after all? Now we are getting somewhere!"

"If you mean that it wasn't Fielding," said Hannasyde patiently, "no, it wasn't. But as he seems, according to all the evidence I've heard yet, to have been perfectly willing and even anxious to have the P.M., I don't think we're getting as far as you imagine. We'll see what Mrs. Lupton has to tell us, and then I must pay a call on the heir."

"Who's he?" inquired the Sergeant.

"He," said Hannasyde slowly, "is Gregory Matthews' eldest nephew. He lives in town, and I shall be interested to make his acquaintance. From all I can gather he seems to be an extremely unpopular and unpleasant gentleman."

"This is a new one on me," remarked the Sergeant. "Where does he come into the case?"

Hannasyde gave a laugh. "That's the snag, Skipper. He doesn't. And I can't help feeling that he's the very person who ought to!"

"Women!" said the Inspector, half an hour later. "Women!"

They had just come away from an interview with Gertrude Lupton, and there was some excuse for the Inspector's voice of loathing. Hannasyde laughed, but Sergeant Hemingway, always interested in new types, said: "Now this is what I call a nice morning. You wouldn't believe anyone would start a scandal in the family just for the fun of it, would you?"

"Not fun, jealousy," Hannasyde corrected. "And she happened to be right."

"Right or wrong, it's my belief she hadn't a bit of reason for wanting that post-mortem," said the indignant Inspector. "I'm not surprised her husband looked so uncomfortable. More shame to him, letting her run riot the way she does!"

"Poor devil!" said Hannasyde. "All the same, but for her there wouldn't have been a case at all, so really we've nothing to grumble about, whatever her motive may have been."

"It wouldn't surprise me," said the Inspector, who had taken an unreasoning dislike to Mrs. Lupton. "If we found she did it, and was acting like this to put us off the scent."

The Sergeant exchanged an indulgent glance with Hannasyde. "Bad psychology," he said. "She's all right. She just acted on intuition. 'Waiting our time!' snorted the Inspector. "There wasn't a thing she could tell us we didn't know already. Don't you agree, Superintendent?"

Hannasyde, who had not been paying much attention, said: "Agree? Oh! No, I don't agree with either of you, and I think she did tell us several things."

The Sergeant nodded. "I thought you were on to something."

"You were wrong," said Hannasyde calmly. "But this Lupton woman, though unpleasant, is scrupulously honest. In the Matthews household we interviewed a number of people who were all frightened, and who therefore said whatever they thought would be safest. Mrs. Lupton isn't afraid of me or of any other policeman, and she was rigidly determined not to make the smallest accusation against anyone. She isn't being spiteful; she's out for justice. Which makes what she did say quite valuable."

"When a woman like Miss Matthews says that her sister-in-law is equal to anything, I disbelieve her, just as I discount Mrs. Matthews' delicate implication that Harriet would have liked to have seen her brother put quietly out of the way. But when an uncompromisingly honest woman like Mrs. Lupton tells me that her sister-in-law will go to any lengths to get her own way, I begin to sit up and take notice. The people she suspects are Mrs. Matthews, the boy Guy, and the doctor."

"Sweeping sort of suspicion," commented the Inspector.

"No, I don't think so," said Hannasyde. "She ruled out the girl, Stella, and I got the impression that she dislikes that girl cordially. But she said positively that Stella would not have done such a thing, which to my mind gave a good deal of weight to her pronouncement that the other three have it in them to commit murder."

"I know nothing about female intuition, Hemingway, but if Mrs. Lupton suspected foul play it was because she knew that the situation at the Poplars had been tense enough to end in murder. Which is what I wanted to find out."

PARTING from Inspector Davis at the Police Station, Hannasyde and his subordinate travelled back to London on the Underground Railway.

Randall Matthews rented a flat in a road off St. James' Street, but was not in at one o'clock, when the Superintendent called. His manservant, eyeing the police with disfavor, declined to hazard any opinion of the probable time of his master's return, but Hannasyde and the Sergeant, coming back at three o'clock, found a car parked outside the house, and rightly conjectured that its owner was Mr. Randall Matthews.

This time the manservant, instead of addressing them through the smallest possible opening of the front door, reluctantly held it wide for the Superintendent to pass through.

The two men were ushered into a small lounge which was decorated in shades of grey, and left there while Benson went to inform his master of their arrival.

The Sergeant looked round rather dubiously, and scratched his chin with the brim of his bowler hat. "What you might call Art's," he remarked. "Ever thought that decor is highly significant, Super? Take that divan."

"What about it?" asked Hannasyde, glancing a little scornfully at the piece in question, which was wide, and low, and covered with pearly-grey velvet.

"Not sure," replied the Sergeant. "One thing, though, Super, we can write this bird down as having expensive tastes. Would you call the pictures Oriental?"

"Chinese prints," replied Hannasyde briefly.

"I wouldn't wonder," agreed the Sergeant. "It all fits in with what I was thinking."

The looking-glass door at one side of the lounge opened at this moment, and Randall Matthews strolled towards them, holding Hannasyde's card between his finger and thumb.

"More decor," muttered the Sergeant.

It could hardly have been by design, but Randall was dressed in a suit of pearl-grey flannel that harmonised beautifully with the background. He raised his eyes from the card, and said: "Ah, good afternoon, Superintendent. I might almost say, welcome to my humble abode. Won't you come in?" He made a gesture towards the room he had come from. "Both of you, of course. You must introduce me to your friend."

"Sergeant Hemingway," said Hannasyde, his calm eyes slightly frowning.

"How do you do, Sergeant?" said Randall affably. "Ah, Benson, take the Sergeant's hat."

The Sergeant, equal to this as to any other occasion and growing more bird-like with interest every moment, handed his hat to the servant, and followed Hannasyde into a room that looked out on to the street, and seemed, with the exception of its bookshelves, to be entirely composed of Spanish leather.

Randall picked up a box containing Russian cigarettes, and offered it to his visitors. It was declined, so he selected one for himself and lit it, and waved his hand in the direction of two chairs. "But won't you sit down? And before we go any further do tell me how my poor uncle was poisoned?"

Hannasyde raised his brows. "Did you then think that he had been poisoned, Mr. Matthews? I understand that you described Mrs. Lupton's suspicion as a canard."

"I'm sure that must be correct," agreed Randall. "It is very much the sort of thing I should unhesitatingly say of my dear Aunt Gertrude's pronouncements. But I have so much intuition, my dear Superintendent. Your genial presence convicts me of error. I am not at all ashamed to acknowledge my mistakes. I make very few."

"You are to be congratulated," commented Hannasyde dryly. "Your uncle was poisoned."

"Yes, Superintendent, yes. You would not otherwise be here. Is it permitted that I should know how?"

"He died from nicotine poisoning," replied Hannasyde.

"What a shame!" said Randall. "It sounds very common—almost vulgar. I think I will throw away the rest of my cigarette."

"I don't propose to take up your time—"

"My valuable time," interpolated Randall gently.

"—any longer than I need, Mr. Matthews, but as I find that you are not only the heir to your uncle's property but also the head of the family, I thought it only right to call on you. It will be necessary for the police to go through the deceased's papers."

"Ah, you want my uncle's solicitor," said Randall. "I am sure you will like him."

"I DON'T think I have his name," Hannasyde said. "Perhaps you would be good enough—"

"Certainly," said Randall. "His name is Carrington." Hannasyde looked up quickly from his notebook. "Carrington?"

"Giles Carrington. I think there are more of them, and I am sure I went to Adam Street to visit them."

"Thank you," said Hannasyde. "I know Mr. Giles Carrington very well. I have often worked with him. Now, if you would answer one or two questions, Mr. Matthews, I need not detain you. When did you last see your uncle?"

Randall wrinkled his brow. "Do you know, I seem to have heard those words before? Ought it not to be father?"

Hannasyde was aware of rising annoyance. He curbed it, and replied evenly: "When was it, please?"

"Surely the Civil War?" said Randall. "Oh, I'm so sorry, I thought we were talking about pictures! I last saw my uncle on the Sunday before he died. That would be—"

"May 12th," said Hannasyde. "You were at Grinley Heath on that day?"

"I was indeed," said Randall with a faint shudder.

"You will forgive my curiosity, Mr. Matthews, but have you any particular reason for remembering the occasion?" asked Hannasyde, observing the shudder.

"It is quite indelibly printed on my mind," said Randall. "My visit coincided with that of my cousin, Mrs. I think it's Crews, but I'm not altogether sure."

"Is that all?"

"No," said Randall. "It was by no means all. She brought her regrettable offspring with her, and appeared to think it a fortunate circumstance that I should be present to admire it."

Hannasyde ignored this, and said in his curtest tone: "And that was the last time you saw the deceased?"

"Yes," said Randall.

"Were you on good terms with him?"

"Quite," said Randall indifferently. "Intimate terms, Mr. Matthews?"

Randall looked at him through his lashes. "I shall have to ask you to construe, my dear Superintendent."

Please turn to page 36

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Immaculate



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**GREY
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and look
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Here's a new discovery—a proved, inexpensive method for the successful home treatment of grey hair.

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(not a dye)

No messy sulphur—No greasy glycerine, because French Hair Restorer is clear, water white lotion—Undetectable—can be permanently waved, gives safe and lasting results. Ladies—Gentlemen—Grey hair brands you worrying and old . . . Try a bottle now.

5/- large
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You may buy cheaper, but you won't get the results that Fly-Tox gives. Fly-Tox is guaranteed... it's different... it's penetrating... it's long-lasting — and it's economical. Fly-Tox will rid your home of insect pests at less cost... it goes further... it lasts longer and it kills instantly.

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Her Beauty Secret

Why is Joan so popular? Why does her skin always look so pink, smooth and inviting? She uses Australian Rice Face Powder, of course! Superfine quality, clings for hours and costs only 6d. for large sized box. Try it. All chemists and stores.

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6.

CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

Gives finer FLAVOUR to SALADS

Women also Serve.



FIRE BRIGADE and W.A.N.S. officers discuss plans for the New South Wales Fire Brigade's Women's Auxiliary at Fire Brigade headquarters. From left, front row: Mr. T. J. Smith (president of the Board of Fire Commissioners), Mrs. A. C. Goddard, Mrs. J. W. C. Beveridge, Mrs. Crawford Vaughan. At back: Fire Brigade secretary H. M. Webb, Chief Officer C. Richardson, Miss Ruby Board, Deputy-Chief Officer W. H. Beare, and Mrs. W. H. Read.

Will train 3000 women to put out fires

Next month Sydney housewives will begin training for the New South Wales Fire Brigade's Women's Auxiliary as part of our civil defence effort.

A corps of 3000 women is being organised so that, in the event of air raids, they could cope with smaller fires in the suburbs, releasing professional and auxiliary firemen for major outbreaks. Recruits should be between the ages of 30 and 45.

ALREADY, through the 30 area officers of the Women's Australian National Services, more than a thousand women have enrolled.

The W.A.N.S. have undertaken to provide recruits already trained in squad drill and first-aid, but the New South Wales Fire Brigade's Women's Auxiliary will be under the direct control of fire brigade authorities.

Only when fully trained will they become members of the auxiliary, entitled to wear its distinguishing badge on their W.A.N.S. uniforms.

President of the Board of Fire Commissioners, Mr. T. J. Smith, with the help of senior officers, has plans well under way for training the auxiliaries.

To his wide experience as head of fire brigades in N.S.W., augmented by work already done in building up volunteer and reserve firemen, he adds faith in the ability of women.

"Women to-day, side by side with men, are carrying out successfully duties that call for courage, initiative and resolution," he told The Australian Women's Weekly last week.

Many people have asked Mr. Smith why recruits are being called for between 30 and 45 years of age.

He replies: "We aim to train women who will be readily available in their own suburbs in time of emergency."

"Thus, naturally, we turn to women engaged in domestic duties. They will be in their own suburbs in time of emergency, and that is where they will be wanted."

"Younger girls are mostly at work in the city. In time of emergency they will be fully occupied on other work."

"It may happen that in an air raid 1000 incendiary bombs would be dropped simultaneously on the metropolitan area."

"They may result in 20 major fires, demanding the attention of professional firemen, supplemented by volunteer and reserve firemen."

"In residential areas our women's auxiliary would be called upon to handle the occasional incendiary bomb that would drop on a house, and I have no doubt that when trained the auxiliary will be ready to do so."

"They will form, too, a valuable preventive against possible panic."

"The women, first having learned squad drill and first-aid, will be taught the drills for fire-prevention and protection."

Kitchen hazards

"THEY will also learn all about chimney fires and electric fires, for instance."

"Incidentally whether or not war comes directly to us, they will be trained to deal with the hazards in the home. Few people realise how many fires start in kitchens, and what a help knowledge of precaution and prevention could be."

"We aim to train women so that if an incendiary bomb should fall in their own house they won't be excited and throw it into the neighbor's yard. They will know what to do."

"They will be ready to help with

Social events for good causes

DECEMBER 11.—Christmas gift afternoon tea in aid Fairbridge Farm School, Australia Hotel.

Dec. 12.—Entertainment, Music Under the Stars, Lady Fairfax's home, Fairwater, Double Bay, 8 p.m.

Dec. 13.—Fair at Australia Hotel, for Kindergarten Union and Food for Babies Fund, 2.30 p.m.

Dec. 14.—Exposition of Medical and Allied Sciences, to aid Patriotic Funds, University, 1 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Dec. 14.—Opening of Carpenter Mothercraft Centre, 25 Shirley Road, Wollstonecraft.

Dec. 15.—Children's party, for R.A.A.F. Comforts Fund, Redleaf, Double Bay.

Dec. 19.—Cocktail party for King George's Fund for Sailors, Redleaf, Double Bay.

their neighbors' emergencies as well as their own.

"Some people ask me: 'Do you think women will be capable of handling incendiary bombs?' Given knowledge of incendiary bombs, I can assure you that a person may run less personal risk in putting out one than in tinkering with a fused electric iron."

After the women have been trained at headquarters they will be attached to the fire brigade stations in their own suburbs.



"HIGH-LINE" is the beauty line

The Kestos Brassiere alone gives you that fascinating high-breasted line that is so eloquent of youth, so much in vogue today. A Kestos makes sure you are correctly contoured. It lifts and separates the breasts, defining the conical shaping and showing a pronounced centre depression. "High-Line" is the beauty line—and only Kestos gives it to you. All stores have Kestos Brassieres at from 4/6 up, and extra straps are always available.

KESTOS FOR CHRISTMAS
In dainty cellophane wrappers Kestos Brassieres make pleasing gifts.



KESTOS
The brassiere that gives you LINE

New 3-Second Relief CORN

PAIN GOES
Corn lifts out

★ Actually... in 3 seconds after touching it with a drop of Frozol-ice... you can feel the pain die out of any nasty nagging corn or callus. This better-type of anaesthetic action works that fast every time. Soon after the corn begins to shrink—then works so loose that you can lift it out in your finger-tips. FROZOL-ICE is the safe, instant-drying antiseptic treatment that does not spread out on healthy tissue. Only 1/6 at all chemists and stores.

SPARKLING TONES to lifeless hair

Simple to use but delightful in result, the Camilatone Beauty Routine is the answer to every beauty-loving woman's wish. Camilatone shampoo to cleanse without bleaching; then Tonrinx to enrich the colour. You'll be delighted. Special Camilatone shampoo, complete with Tonrinx, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold, at 6d. each. Additional Tonrinx separately at 3d. each.

PUT SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR with
Camilatone
BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINX



A month ago - a listless child



Today - Alert and Sparkling

Not long ago Tommy was listless and "mopy," uninterested in school or play. Mummy followed the doctor's advice, gave him Calfig regularly. Now he's a keen, alert child, because there is no better remedy for constipation than California Syrup of Figs. It's not harsh or upsetting, but gentle and sure in action and pleasant to take.

CALFIG
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE
California Syrup of Figs



An awful thing to happen to any woman! Perhaps the worst of all! Just starting to live, yet showing signs of old age! Hopes, ambition, everything seems crushed by the ever present thought of grey hair!

It is awful . . . but a very common thing in modern times when the hair is subjected to the effects of artificial waving and curling as well as outdoor life. The result is a dry scalp with its inevitable effect on the glands provided by nature to lubricate the hair and preserve its colour.

How to avoid this condition and its disastrous consequences? It is very simple . . . by massaging the scalp regularly with Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stimulate the action of the roots, and by being careful to use it every time you curl your hair.

This is how a sensible woman protects and improves the beauty of her hair.

Be sensible too . . . A little care today will save you many a headache tomorrow.

Do not wait for tomorrow! Start today using

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores at 3/- per bottle.

ARE YOU NERVY?

Does the war depress you, make you feel moody and depressed? If so, you need the tonic stimulant and pick-me-up of Cream of Yeast. A tablet of two taken with a glass of water will give miraculous results, pep you up, give you new "life" and vitality, overcome that nervous irritability, make you feel better, look better, work better, too, because Cream of Yeast contains the active elements of live yeast, the recognized blood purifier and tonic. Fully guaranteed.

CREAM of YEAST

Sold everywhere, 1/3, 2/-, 3/6, and 5/9.

"LET me put it in this way: were you in his confidence?"

"I shouldn't think so," replied Randall. "There is just that indefinable something about me which does not lead my family to confide in me."

"You cannot tell me, then, whether he had any enemies?"

"No," said Randall softly. "And I cannot tell you whether he had any friends either."

"Oh!" Hannasyde cast him a shrewd glance under his brows. "Do you know of anyone who had any reason to wish him dead?"

"Other than myself?" asked Randall.

The Sergeant jumped. Hannasyde answered: "Had you reason, Mr. Matthews?"

Randall smiled at him. "My very dear sir, I'm the heir. Now do let us understand each other. There's not the least need for you to ask me careful questions. I shall be delighted to answer anything you choose to ask me. In fact, I'm positively burning to assist you to track down the murderer."

"Thank you," said Hannasyde. "Not at all," replied Randall. "Only you mustn't be shy. You would like to know the state of my bank balance, for one thing. That's not the sort of question I can answer offhand, but I will give you a letter of introduction to my bank manager."

"I should prefer it if you would give me an account of your movements on May 14th," said Hannasyde.

"What could be easier? I was naturally at Newmarket," answered Randall at once.

"You are fond of racing, Mr. Matthews?"

"Very," said Randall, moving over to his desk, and beginning to jot down something on a half-sheet of notepaper. "Returning to town after the 3.30 race, in the company of one Frank Clutterbuck, whose address I am going to give you, I came back to this flat, changed my clothes—vide my man Benson—and repaired to Duval's—a restaurant no doubt known to you. Mention my name to the maitre d'hotel."

"I was joined there by two friends, whose names and addresses I am at the moment writing down for you. From Duval's we went to the Palladium—Row B, in the stalls—8, 9, and 10. Leaving the Palladium shortly before the end of the performance, I became a slave to duty, and drove—but I stupidly omitted to take the taxi-driver's number—to South Street, where I made a belated but graceful appearance at Mrs. Massingham's dance. I will give you her address, too."

"Somewhere in the region of three o'clock I left South Street, came back to this flat, and went to bed." He rose, and handed the sheet of paper to Hannasyde. "Where I remained, Superintendent, until Mr. Giles Carrington rang me up, somewhere between eleven and twelve in the morning, to inform me that my uncle was dead, a medical inquiry in progress, and a police inquiry imminent."

Hannasyde folded the paper and put it away in his notebook. "Were you surprised, Mr. Matthews?"

"Would not you be?" said Randall. "I think I should—if I knew of no one who could have had any motive for the murder."

Randall smiled, and answered rather mockingly: "Ah, I think you must be referring to—er—family dissensions. Which of my relatives would you like me to incriminate by some damaging statement? I have hardly any preference."

"I don't want you to incriminate anyone, thank you, Mr. Matthews, but if you know anything relevant to the case I should like to hear it."

Randall stretched out his hand and took a cigarette from the box beside him, and began to tap it on his thumb-nail. "But I don't think I do know anything relevant," he said sadly.

"In that case we won't take up any more of your time," said Hannasyde, and got up. Randall touched a bell on his desk, and upon Benson's appearance instructed him, in his languid way, to show the visitors out.

As he walked down the stairs beside the Superintendent, Sergeant Hemingway said: "A little too smooth-spoken, Chief. Just a little too smooth."

Hannasyde grunted. "Alibi and all," pursued the Sergeant. "Very pat. Gave it out as though he was darned pleased about it. Pick-a-hole-in-that-if-you-can. Question is, can we?"

"I shouldn't think so. You can

Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 34

check up on it—as a matter of form. I'm going to see Mr. Carrington."

Mr. Giles Carrington did not keep Superintendent Hannasyde waiting for long. He got up from his big, untidy desk as Hannasyde was ushered into his room, and came forward with his hand held out. "Well, this is indeed a pleasant surprise!" he said. "How are you, Hannasyde? Sit down!"

Hannasyde shook hands warmly, and accepted a chair and a cigarette.

"What does sight of you portend, Hannasyde? Business or pleasure?" Carrington asked.

"Both," returned Hannasyde. "It is always a pleasure to me to work with you, you know."

"Very nicely put, but it won't wash. I know nothing about the late Gregory Matthews."

The Superintendent's eyes twinkled. "Now, now, Mr. Carrington! None of that Holmes stuff! Of course it's the Matthews case."

"Was he poisoned?" asked Giles.

"Yes, he was. Nicotine. I shall want to go through his papers."

"All right. To-morrow suit you?"

Hannasyde nodded. "We shan't find anything. We're five days

"Borgia-stuff!" said Giles incredulously.

"Sounds like it, doesn't it? But one of our experts is of the opinion that the poison could have been absorbed that way. Well, the sister, Harriet Matthews, was the last person to be with Matthews on the night he died—though she didn't admit that to me. We can say, if you like, that she inflicted the scratch, but—"

"With a pair of poisoned nail-scissors," interrupted Giles derisively. "Go on. I like to see you becoming romantic."

Hannasyde smiled. "I know. But it's no joke, Mr. Carrington. Suppose she inflicted the scratch, seemingly by accident, and then bathed it with lotion into which she'd dropped her poison?"

"Just a moment," said Giles. "Is Harriet Matthews the eccentric lady with the economymania?"

"That's the one."

"Out of all your suspects what a choice to make. She wouldn't have the sense, let alone the knowledge."

"Vulgar and eccentric ladies aren't always so guileless as they seem, Mr. Carrington. Not that I think it was she. I don't. But the trouble is there's no one I think it was. On the face of it the heir's the likeliest suspect. He lives high, probably beyond his income, and, if I'm not much mistaken, bets a lot. Clever fellow, and looks pretty cold-blooded."

"What's more, he presented me with a detailed alibi which I don't expect to pick the smallest hole in. And I haven't, so far, a thing on him. He says he heard of his uncle's death through you. How did he take it?"

Giles reflected. "It was over the telephone, you know. Quite calmly, I think. I merely said that Matthews was dead, and added that there seemed to be some doubt about the cause of death, and that there was to be an autopsy." He paused. "He sounded distinctly annoyed about that, but I think one would be. No one likes a scandal in the home circle, after all."

"What did he say?"

"I don't remember. Something about the incompetence of doctors, and that he'd better come round and see me."

"Oh, he came to see you that day, did he?"

"Shortly before one. He was perfectly self-possessed. He came to arrange with me about reading the will, and various other business matters."

"He knew he was the heir, I suppose?"

"Oh yes! He's my fellow-executor."

"Did he seem at all anxious to find out what had been happening down at Grinley Heath?"

"Not more than was natural. He wanted to know who was the fool who had started the murder-scare, but as I didn't know—"

"Who told him there was any question of murder? Did you?"

Giles looked at him. "No, I don't think I did. But it rather leaps to the mind when you hear there's to be a post-mortem, doesn't it? I suppose he assumed there was a suspicion of poisoning, same as I did. He didn't seem to me to set much store by it, though."

"He said he had no doubt that the various members of his family were running entirely true to type, and added that the temptation to go down and watch them making fools of themselves was too strong to be withstood. I believe he did go down to Grinley that afternoon."

"I've no doubt," said Hannasyde. "Very understandable that he should—and if there was any evidence at the Poplars waiting to be destroyed, even more understandable. By the way, you've got the dead man's keys, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I only took charge of them on Friday. Randall gave them to me, pending the result of the investigation."

Hannasyde stared at him. "Thinks of everything, doesn't he? Very proper behaviour on the part of Mr. Randall Matthews. And the rest of the family hate him." He tapped his fingers on Giles' desk for a moment. "Get the Department to look into Mr. Randall Matthews. Are you busy, Mr. Carrington?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Go with me to Gregory's office." Giles glanced at his watch. "All right, but I must be back at five. I've got an appointment."

To be continued



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BOTH LEGS OPEN FROM KNEE TO ANKLE

for two or three years.

You can imagine the state of my legs for it took me an hour every day to dress them. In fact I could not even get about for a year and five months. I did not go outside the door until I tried your Ointment. But at last I'm pleased to say my legs are quite healed. I am 61 years of age and I have had serious leg trouble ever since I was 24.

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100% Pure Germolene



Should children call all women "Auntie"?

PERHAPS, Mrs. Claire Robin (23/11/40), you are already an auntie many times.

If you weren't you would deem it a pleasure to be "Auntie" to your many friends' children.

I think it lovely to be known as Auntie and treat my friends' children just the same as their own aunts would, or perhaps better.

It makes up for what you have missed in life yourself, at least it does to me.

Mrs. R. Dickinson, Airlie, 74 Trenerry Cres., Abbotsford N9, Vic.

Like the idea

WOULD it not seem rather unfriendly to hear a child call an old friend Mrs. or Miss So-and-So, while it frequently hears its parents use the Christian names of friends?

Most of these adopted "Aunties" rather like the idea, and prefer to be looked upon as a relation to children of close friends.

Mrs. E. F. Dutton, 11a Gurr's Rd., Beulah Park, S.A.

Confuses children

CHILDREN should not be taught to address their parents' women friends as "Auntie."

After all, it is rather bewildering



Rather bewildering.

to the infant mind, when able to understand, that "Auntie" is really no relation at all.

Also it is more respectful to teach them the proper mode of address—Mrs. or Miss So-and-So.

Mrs. J. E. Baldwin, 10 Henry St., Auburn E2, Vic.

Much easier

I CAN'T see the harm in the term "Auntie."

Where Christian names are used between parents and friends, it is much easier to add the "Auntie" than for children to use a surname that is seldom heard.

Mrs. H. S. Shillingford, 77 Sunderland St., Mayfield, N.S.W.

CRITICISM

ONE often hears it said that open criticism is a good thing.

This may be true of constructive criticism, which is as a mirror hung in a good light to reflect our faults and give us a chance to improve them.

But so much criticism is ill-directed and merely destructive—and stunts and withers what is best in us and loses us faith in ourselves.

So let us always be very sure, before we indulge in it, that our criticism is constructive and not destructive.

F. Leuba, Koorda, W.A.

BROKEN ROMANCES

WHY do two people, after breaking up their romance, continue seeing one another, and going out at times together?

This may be a happy arrangement for the one who has now no more than a friendly interest in the other, but is it fair to the other person concerned?

Surely these brief meetings cannot be sufficient compensation for the hours spent in misery and hoping against hope for a reconciliation.

Surely it is better to be cruel to be kind, and make a clean break, thus giving each other a chance to forget completely, and seek in fresh fields an opportunity to gain new interests.

E. Rohde, Llewellyn St., Kangaroo Pt., Brisbane.

ANTI-MAN ATTITUDE

BEING associated with women's movements I have observed an "anti-man" attitude in practically all of them.

'This to me is prejudice and will get women nowhere!

Were it not for men the emancipation of women might still be a dream. Every step in woman's progress has been lightened by the helping hand of man.

Despite women's advance there is still progress to be made. Only by co-operating with the sterner sex will they achieve it.

Mrs. J. Pearce, c/o Mrs. Currow, First Ave., Forest Gardens, S.A.

PLANT TREES AS MEMORIALS

A VERY beautiful and lasting memorial is the planting of a tree.

What pleasure it gives in the years to come when the tree grows in all its glory.

A family of my acquaintance plant a tree in their garden to mark special events in their lives.

For instance, they have a lilac tree to mark the birth of their eldest son, an elm for a wedding anniversary, and so on.

Their large garden is a thing of beauty and to them a beautiful living memory.

It for this letter to Mrs. F. Gail, Campbell Town, Tas.

LACK OF INTEREST

HOW many mothers are interested in their children's school work? This is the question I asked myself after attending an "open" afternoon at one of our large schools.

Mothers of children in kindergarten classes were invited to watch their little ones at work.

Not more than twenty-five parents were present to see an excellent display from over one hundred tiny tots. Is this fair to the children or to their teachers who do such marvellous work?

D. Draper, McClelland St., Wolloughby, N.S.W.

LETTER-WRITING

HOW welcome letters are, yet so many of us find it difficult to enjoy the pleasure of them, being poor correspondents.

What a help it would be if friends, writing to those who find it difficult to write letters, put a fair sprinkling of questions throughout their correspondence.

Answering these the poor correspondent would find it easier to write quite a long letter.

Miss Ruby Pusey, Chidlow, W.A.

LADIES FIRST?

BEING a business woman, I have to use the lift daily at rush hours.

At lunch time women crowd into the lifts, and men, mindful of "Ladies before gentlemen," are left standing to wait for the next or take the stairs.

Does etiquette demand that they should stand aside always in this case?

Mrs. M. J. Schluter, c/o R. G. Coulthard, 41 Rundle St., Adelaide.

USEFUL HOLIDAYS

WITH the holidays near and war creeping closer to Australia, what about the children's leisure being organised and directed into useful channels to fit them better for the future and its problems?

The holiday atmosphere need not be eliminated.

If war should come here, the better prepared children are the kinder it will be to them. If war does not come, the knowledge gained will not be wasted.

R. Murray, Canberra, A.C.T.

Coincidence

I WHOLEHEARTEDLY agree that it is ridiculous to consider green to be unlucky.

Often when discussing this subject the superstitious observer will point out occasions when, it is said, green has proved unlucky.

I firmly believe that, if such happenings are true, they are merely striking coincidences and that, if another color, for example, red, were superstitiously considered unlucky, similar circumstances would undoubtedly be found.

Norma Graff, Loombra, Saunders St., Indooroopilly SW2, Qld.

Refreshing sight

IT seems ridiculous to say green is unlucky, when one realises its importance.

Without it scientists tell us we would go blind. Certainly there is nothing more refreshing to the sight and mind than a stretch of green grass.

Superstitions are often very convenient. I know women who look and feel at their worst in green, but because they do not wear this beautiful color they are termed superstitious.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 22 Wade St., Campbell, N.S.W.

No bad luck

I WAS very superstitious until a particular friend showed me how ridiculous it was to be superstitious. She would walk under ladders and enjoy it, always wore green and opal rings and earrings.

When I realised that no bad luck befell her after breaking a mirror, and she won a large sum of money in a lottery, I began to come round to her way of thinking—for there really is nothing in superstition after all.

Mrs. P. V. Dunn, 137 Murrumbidgee Rd., Murrumbidgee, Vic.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1 and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

Neat housewife improves home atmosphere

YES, Miss Collins (23/11/40), to be well groomed in the house as well as in the street is certainly a necessity in keeping that happy atmosphere that should adorn every home.

If wives would see the importance of keeping themselves just as attractive after marriage as before there would not be so many nights "dining at the club" or "working back."

G. Newell, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

One pair of hands

HOME neatness is certainly desirable, but it is often almost impossible for a woman with a family to perform all the necessary household tasks and have time to attend to her own appearance.

Husband and children have their own time in which to groom themselves, while the wife and mother is busy preparing their meals or doing the countless small jobs that make up a day's work.

She has only one pair of hands, and her hours of labor are not regulated by the clock.

Mrs. P. Mortimore, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.



In neat house dress.

Untidy sometimes

LIKE every other housewife I like to appear neat when doing my housework, but when I have scrubbing, polishing, or other dirty work to do I like to wear old clothes, stockings and shoes.

In this way I don't worry about the job I am doing or how dirty I get because I know that with no worry over my clothes I can do the job thoroughly.

When that job is finished I change into my neat house dress.

This perhaps may be the reason why some of us appear a little untidy when doing our housework. But in the afternoon it is a different matter.

Mrs. E. Wootten, 281 Rathdown St., Carlton, Vic.

The Gift that is EVER REMEMBERED

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind" That cannot happen to you if your gift is an Onoto Pen. Every time it is used, a thought will go out to the donor and the wisdom that made the choice "Onoto." Near or far they'll be in touch with you through the British ONOTO—always ready for active service.

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MORNAY REGENT ST. LONDON

Refresh your sight. It seems ridiculous to say green is unlucky, when one realises its importance. Without it scientists tell us we would go blind. Certainly there is nothing more refreshing to the sight and mind than a stretch of green grass. Superstitions are often very convenient. I know women who look and feel at their worst in green, but because they do not wear this beautiful color they are termed superstitious. Mrs. R. Fletcher, 22 Wade St., Campbell, N.S.W.

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Amateurs Land Good Jobs

through "AUSTRALIA'S AMATEUR HOUR"

HARRY DEARTH, producer and director of Lever Brothers national programmes, as he appeared at the first broadcast of their latest full hour, "Australia's Amateur Hour." He says: "Already 'Australia's Amateur Hour' has shown what it can do for the amateurs. Three from our first programme were offered engagements immediately following broadcast."



At left: ALAN SAUNDERS, New-castle yodeller, got two offers—from Sydney Show Boat and Skuthorp's Wild West Show.

MARGARET JEROME, sweet singer, goes into the Prince Edward's gala New Year show.

NOELEN STRANGE—amateur piano accordionist, booked to appear with Sydney Trocadero Band, starting December 9.



2GB
THURSDAYS
8 p.m.



With Fondest Love From Walter

Continued from page 5

THE candles on the pretty tree snapped and twinkled. Cook and Edith and Ada were there in clean aprons, beaming over their own presents. The air was loud with the clamor of the children.

"Oh Mummy, my doll . . . My bicycle . . . Oh Mummy, the very thing I wanted."

"Hair-brushes," said Walter. "How very nice." He bent over her and kissed her gently, surprised. They were very nice brushes indeed. "I do hope you'll like my present to you," he said. "From Paris . . . But I'm not awfully clever about color and so on . . ."

"I know I shall like it," she said, huskily, turning to her own heap of parcels.

"The trouble with bringing things from abroad," Walter went on, "is that you can't change them if they don't fit."

If they don't fit! She stood, feeling numb, with Walter's present to her in her hands.

A dozen pairs of beautifully fine silk stockings, such as only Paris can produce. Silk stockings in a good serviceable shade. Her heart beat in her throat. The lights of the Christmas tree swam before her eyes. She turned and searched among her heap of parcels for that little white box.

It wasn't there.

A dozen pairs of silk stockings, a card neatly tucked in among them. "With fondest love from Walter." And suddenly she knew, without knowing how she knew it, that it meant nothing. Once those words had meant something, but she had allowed the bright candle to be

blown out, and now they were just an empty form.

She knelt before the fire, holding her hands out to the blaze, shivering. She was not a very clever woman, and now she felt utterly lost.

How she got through Christmas Day she never knew, but she carried on for the children's sake, taking them to church, taking them tobogganing in the afternoon. Walter went over to help the Gardullas prepare for the party.

"You don't mind? You have the children," he said.

She dressed for the party, her heart like lead. How she wished, now, she had listened to Margaret, and got a really beautiful frock. Something that would give Walter a surprise.

Well, it was too late now. "Too late for a lot of things." She looked at the elephant-grey dress lying on the bed, with her first quail of misgiving. Presently, when Christmas was over, she thought, I must make a very real effort. I think I'll do as Margaret said: Have my hair off, and go to a new dress-maker.

She tried not to think of that brooch. She tried to pretend she must have imagined it. She invented all sorts of plausible excuses for it. Walter had probably brought it back from Paris for Leon to give Margaret. It might have been a commission.

It was wrong to let yourself have horrible fears and suspicions. Valiantly she fought against them.

Margaret had a rose taffeta frock with bouffant skirts. She looked

lovely, as she had done in those years gone by when she was the season's most beautiful debutante. And there was Miss Luella Grey, always rather a glamorous figure, in silver. A silver frock like a spider's web picked off an autumn hedge, jewelled with dew.

She remembered Walter saying to her long ago: "I like you in silver." And she had replied: "It isn't serviceable."

But had she been right? Deep in Elspeth's heart the knowledge burned that she had been all wrong. She had been taking what they call on the Stock Exchange the short view.

Hidden behind a bank of chrysanthemums, the band was playing. Elspeth recognised the tune. She had heard it at the theatre party in the early autumn.

That girl, Zoe, had sung it, Elspeth remembered. Zoe! She had the old excited feeling she remembered long ago when she played hide and seek and people said: "You're getting warm . . ." Zoe!

And, even before her mind went any further, Elspeth saw her. She saw her standing in an alcove, alone, a little smile on her face. Her black frock, devoid of any kind of trimming, made her snowy neck and arms appear even whiter than they were, her white-gold hair was brushed in a halo off her face.

Sparkling in the softness of her breast was a brooch. A heart made of diamonds and sapphires, with, written across it in diamonds, the words, "A toi."

Elspeth went home.

She did not say a word to anybody. She stumbled blindly through the big garden, and out into the road, and across the avenue to her own gate. It was snowing softly. She could feel the wet seep through her evening shoes.

She put her hands over her ears, but it was not any use. The music from the Gardullas' party followed her. It would follow her wherever she went, to the end of her days.

Little memories crept back pitilessly. Walter's face when he begged her to go to Paris with him. Walter's voice when he said: "Can't you sometimes put me before the children?" That queer, wistful look his eyes had always had—that she hadn't understood till it was too late. As if he sought something he couldn't find.

Well, now he had found it, and she had only herself to blame. That was the bitterest part of all. She had only herself to blame. She went to the night-nursery window, and stood for a moment looking out. Lit windows all down the street. Mostly upstairs windows, now, for those who weren't at the party were going to bed.

She could see the light in the Winters' house making a square of light hung like a picture in the night. She could see the Walters' light shining cheerfully through the holes in their curtains. Everyone happy and at peace, except her. She stood leaning her head against the window, lost. What did one do now? What in the name of heaven did one do now?

Mark stirred in his sleep, and opened his eyes drowsily and saw her.

"Hello!" he said. "Is the party over?"

"Yes," said Elspeth quietly. "The party is over, dear."

She let the curtain fall.

(Copyright)

Another story in this series will appear next week.

Popular harmony session from 2GB

The Rhythm Boys, popular radio entertainers, waited for five years for recognition. Then it was a visitor from overseas who gave them their first big break.

Five years ago, when the well-known English dance band conductor, Howard Jacobs, came to Australia, he gave The Rhythm Boys an audition.

HE engaged the boys to broadcast that night, put them on at the Sydney Town Hall on the following night with Gladys Moncrieff, and on the following Monday whirled them off on an Australia-wide tour.

Ten years ago this singing trio, with instrumental accompaniment, set out to popularise a new form of singing employing close harmony.

People were used to quartets, so that engagements were few and far between.

Then along came the records of such American combinations as the Mills Brothers and the Boswell Sisters, both of whom employed the same technique, and The Rhythm Boys found themselves in demand.

But there were people who accused them of having copied the technique which they themselves had invented.

Particularly was this the case with vocal imitations of musical instruments—an act which most people think was invented by the Mills Brothers.

To-day, after appearances at nearly every theatre, cabaret, dance hall and radio station in Australia, The Rhythm Boys are featured artists on 2GB's programmes, and are heard in various jackpot sessions, in the Sunday night Jack Davey show, "Omar Khayyam—and All That," and at the weekly Crazy Community Show.

Leader of the trio is Fred McIntosh, the only original member still in its personnel.

He plays the guitar and does all the musical arrangements. In these no attempt is made to imitate overseas recordings.

In fact, when people suggested that The Rhythm Boys had modelled their work on the Mills Brothers they immediately dropped their imitations of musical instruments, although they had been first in the field with this type of presentation.

Les Fiddes plays the tenor guitar. For many years his family has been associated with the stage and entertainment world.

Les joined the combination five years ago and has thus shared in its greatest successes.



FRED MCINTOSH, leader of The Rhythm Boys, on 2GB.

Third member of the team is Bert Cantrell, who plays the double bass. The combination of guitars and double bass with the human voice is actually a new type of combination very popular with listeners.



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WRITER IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological
Research Society.

**Three members
of the Royal Family
are Sagittarians—
His Majesty King
George, Marina,
Duchess of Kent, and
George, Duke of Kent.**

THE month of Sagittarius is therefore an important one, not only for those born between November 23 and December 22, but also for the British Empire.

Incidentally, Sagittarians are extremely optimistic people, and because of this they ask too much of life and are inclined to take too many risks to obtain the things they want.

Sometimes they overplay their hands and as a result are disappointed and depressed. Hence it is important that they should always exercise care. They should not take foolish risks. They should be cautious in money matters and see to it that their savings are invested soundly.

The same thing applies to marriage. They are apt to be too impetuous. Although normally fine thinkers, possessing plenty of logic, many of them allow their emotions to get the better of their judgment. In that way they risk their chances of happiness, and all too late wake up to a realization that a mistake has been made in the selection of a partner.

Whenever possible Sagittarians should select partners from the more harmonious signs of the zodiac. These are Aries (March 21 to April 21), Leo (July 23 to August 24), and to a lesser degree Libra (September 23 to October 24), Aquarius (January 20 to February 19), and their own birth sign.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Pack up your troubles. You can be your own best friend during the coming week. Plan ahead so that you can utilize the radiations of December 18 and 19 to good account.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Just a week of days for most Taurians, but plan ahead, for better days are just around the corner.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): This is a week calling for the utmost care, wisdom and patience. You can create many troubles for yourself, or run into those made by others, especially on December 14, 18, 20 and 21. Stick to routine affairs, and leave changes and venturesomeness to others.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Not an especially helpful week for most Cancrians, but strive to get important matters well in hand and even finalised without further delay unless they will wait for weeks. December 15 (evening), 16 and 17 offer best help.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Stop wishing for good fortune; go out after it. Your stars favor you now, and opportunities can be sought or made, especially on December 18 or 19. Work wisely then.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Opportunities weeks ahead; meanwhile your stars are anything but friendly. Therefore be patient, diligent, cheerful and wise, so that you do not spoil the chances of the future. December 14, 15, 20 and 21 can be adverse.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): December 14 and 15 (daylight) quite fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Just a week of days for most Scorpions. December 16 and 17 best, but not for spectacular ventures.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): See what you can do with the radiations of December 18 and 19, in regard to making changes, seeking promotion, asking favors, and generally improving your fortunes. Your stars favor you then, and will reward diligence. However, be cautious on December 14, 15, 20 and 21.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Unprosperous. December 20 and 21 best, but weeks of waiting for good news just ahead, if planning changes.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Quite fair for many Aquarians on December 14 and 15, but don't "route" and lose on December 18 and 19.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Not a good time for Pisceans to grow careless of too venturesome. Unfavourable delays and worries may rule your days just now, especially on December 14, 15, 20 and 21. Better days soon.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.J.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is at Fort Radi, Central Africa, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant. They are helping
TOD BROWNELL: To put an end to the reign of
BESA: A sorcerer of the Wambesi tribe, who has the tribe terrorised by his "black magic." Prior to this
COLONEL CARR: Commandant of the fort, has died as a result of one of Besa's "tricks."

LIBIE CARR: His daughter, and Tod Brownell's fiancée, has been threatened with the death of both Brownell and Mandrake. Following a futile attempt to poison Mandrake, Lothar visits the Wambesi, of whom he is a Prince, but after being welcomed enthusiastically is ordered off by Besa and threatened with death. Meanwhile, Besa, overhearing the grumblings of the Wambesi, decrees that he will kill Tod Brownell from afar. NOW READ ON.



LIBIE AND TOD SEE JUNGLE BLACK MAGIC, AS BESA, THE SORCERER, THROWS AN IMAGE--MADE OF COL. CARR'S HAIR MIXED WITH MUD AND WAX--INTO THE FIRE--

MILES AWAY, COL. CARR DIES--AT ALMOST THE SAME TIME!

SUCH THINGS ARE IMPOSSIBLE, LIBIE!

I SAW IT--TOD IS NEXT! BESA THREATENED HIM, TOO!

MANDRAKE REACHES FORT RADI AND IS TOLD THE AMAZING STORY--

NOW--AS TOD, LIBIE'S FIANCE, SLEEPS--A SHADOWY FIGURE BENDS OVER HIM, SILENTLY CUTTING OFF A LOCK OF HIS HAIR--

TOD! YOUR HAIR--CUT--JUST LIKE--LIKE DAD'S WAS--

MUST HAVE HAPPENED--WHILE I WAS ASLEEP! BESA, THE SORCERER! GOING TO TRY HIS MONKEY BUSINESS ON ME--IS HE!

TOD--WAIT! I'LL GET MANDRAKE!

I'LL WAIT FOR NOTHING! I'M GOING TO FIND BESA--AND FINISH HIM BEFORE HE FINISHES ME!

TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT. BESA, THE SORCERER, WILL KILL CAPTAIN TOD FROM AFAR--WITH HIS BLACK MAGIC--

IN THE VILLAGES, THE NATIVES WHISPER...

I'LL FIND HIM--I'VE GOT TO FIND THE GRINNING DEVIL--

FRANTIC. TOD PLUNGES DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE MAZE, VAINLY TRYING TO FIND BESA, THE SORCERER!

NO BITES! NO FISHES! ME GETTING SUNBURN! ME THIRSTY! ME DISGUSTED!

THE MAIN POINT ISN'T TO CATCH FISH. IT'S JUST TO FISH, LOTHAR.

MANDRAKE! MANDRAKE!

A LOCK OF TOD'S HAIR WAS CUT LAST NIGHT! HE'S GONE INTO THE JUNGLE WITH A RIFLE TO FIND BESA, THE SORCERER! I'VE BEEN FRANTIC.

IF HE ISN'T BACK IN AN HOUR, LIBIE, WE'LL START A SEARCH PARTY!

IT HAPPENED TO DAD--AND HE DIED AT SUN-DOWN! IT WILL BE THE SAME FOR TOD--IT'S ALMOST SUN-DOWN NOW!

TOD!

I LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR BESA! I HAD THE FEELING ALL ALONG THAT HE WAS WATCHING ME. BUT I COULDN'T FIND HIM.

IT'S HOPELESS. WHAT CAN I DO? BESA'S OUT THERE--WITH THAT LITTLE IMAGE--SOMEWHERE! FRANKLY--I'M SCARED! I'M SCARED STIFF!

I CAN'T FIGHT BLACK MAGIC. I'M HELPLESS. MANDRAKE--WHAT CAN I DO? IT'S ALMOST SUN-DOWN!

I THINK THE BEST THING NOW IS TO HAVE SUPPER.

AT SUN-DOWN, I WILL PUT THIS INTO THE FIRE AND CAPTAIN TOD BROWNELL WILL DIE!

IN A JUNGLE HIDE-OUT, WATCHED BY A FEW NATIVES, BESA, THE SORCERER, WAITS FOR THE SUN TO SET!

TO BE CONTINUED

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nanele Stewart, Well-Known
Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey
Hair With Simple Home-Made
Mixture.

Miss Nanele Stewart, talented Australian actress, whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles, gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—
"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlex Compound, and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

vanish permanently when treated with
"VANIX," the application of which is
simple, painless, and harmless.

"VANIX"

a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.)
Co., is not a depilatory—it is a pleas-
antly perfumed lotion which attacks
the hair tissue, dissolving and finally
destroying them completely. "VANIX"
is priced at 3/6 a bottle (5/10 posted)
from Hildam Pty. Ltd., 318 George
St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches; Swift's
Pharmacy, 372 Lill, Collins St., Melb.;
The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.;
and Hicks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St.,
Adelaide.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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"BROWN BOY SINGING" is stirring story of Australia

Leslie Haylen's latest novel

Natives, farmers, shearers, convicts, river-traders, bushrangers,
prospectors, storekeepers through the fast-moving chapters of Leslie
Haylen's new book, "Brown Boy Singing."

Through the colorful years, which included the early days of the first gold rush
to Bathurst, the story moves swiftly, lifting the curtain on many stirring scenes of the
Australia of almost a century ago.

MOST of the settlers are
battling against hard
times, often haunted by fears
of the natives, and guilty of
the grossest crimes against
them. The shearers are living
in revolting conditions.

When Hargraves found his gold,
settlers and shearers in their hun-
dreds joined in the varied stream
of men of every nationality who rushed
headlong to the new
Eldorado—none of them
as yet Australians, but
all helping to shape the
destiny of the young
country. ("England is
an old man, sonny, but
your country is young
... a brown boy sing-
ing," said an old emi-
grant.)

Typifying the youth of the
country and its troubled develop-
ment is Tony, the sun-browned
youngster around whose life the
story centres.

Son of a poor, unenterprising
settler, Tony is 15 when the story
opens. A sensitive adolescent, his
awakening mind teeming with ques-
tions and his days full of joy in the
beauty of the countryside.

"At night you think, and in the
mornings you sing," said Tony.

Closely linked with Tony's life are
his fiery old rebel of a "Granfer,"
who loved him deeply and influenced
him profoundly, and gipsy-hearted

Tansi, the river girl, who is his first
love.

Before he was 16, Tony witnessed
a "rising" of ill-treated blacks, and
the subsequent merciless slaughter
of the tribe by the whites.

From the darkness of the house
where they took shelter, he heard
his Granfer's whisper, "It's not a
nice sight for a young boy, but this
night has made a man of you—"
A tragic step into manhood to be
followed by many harsh years of
struggle.

Most of Tony's friends
had their minds fully
occupied with the im-
mediate problems of
earning a living, but
English Granfer, ripe in
experience, and with a
quenchless hatred of
injustice, was a born
thinker, with a vision of
the future of his adopted country.

When Tony's father was forced by
hard times into the hands of the
bank, Granfer foamed at the mouth.

"You've sold your inheritance, I
tell you. It's going to be the curse
of this country. There will not be
any farmers left."

"You will never understand. You
have never been a village yokel in
another world, land hungry all your
life, and never raising your eyes to
dream of one single blessed acre of
your own; pulling your forelock
to the squire and digging his

mangel - wurnels
for a bob a day.
We've got to
change things
here, or the
system'll get us
again."

Down by the
river Tony
thought of these
things. When
you were a man
you thought
about lots of
things. Here he
was, an English-
man's son, and
an Englishman's
grandson. He'd never seen the Old
Country (words that sounded like a
trumpet call in your ears). He liked
to walk by the river and dream of
poetry—and Tansi. But nobody
seemed to take much stock on that.

He had to go to Granfer again
to explain it.

Nation in the making

"YOU'RE a throwback—to the
leafy lanes of England which
you've never seen, and your mind
won't let you see them as I have,
knee deep in mud," said Granfer.
"See, this country is young, it
hasn't begun to live. There are
English, and Irish, and Scots, and
heathens, and squatters in it, but
very few Australians as yet."

"It's a new country, and it wants
a new race, not just more kids;
that's where people are so wrong
about it. You've got to work on
the raw clay of this land, make it
feed you, make it breed your kind
and mother your ideals, and make it
softly bury you at the end. It's
no use looking back, you've got to
go forward."

At shearing time Tony and Gran-
fer rolled up their swags and took
to the road. Squatters wanted
young men who could work and
Granfer, who had been a "gun"
shearer in his day, could still get
odd jobs round the sheds.

They found work on a huge sheep



LESLIE HAYLEN, whose latest book is reviewed
on this page.

holding and very soon discovered
that they had been unlucky enough
to strike verminous quarters, bad
food, and a bullying overseer.

Tony came out of that at 19,
branded as a striker and a criminal.
To him and faithful Granfer
the news of the discovery of gold
came as a joyful call to a new life
and they, too, took to the road that
led to the diggings.

Following their adventures in
search of a fortune, the author
vividly depicts the hustle and bustle
of the day. All sorts and conditions
of people, governed by the one com-
mon impulse to get rich quick, come
into the seething picture.

In a riot on the goldfields Gran-
fer went down fighting to the last
for justice for the underdog. The
stress of grief revived the poet in
Tony.

There hadn't ever been a world
for him that had not held Gran-
fer. Lost—but no, you didn't lose
men like Granfer.

At last Tony's partner struck gold.

"It's a big strike," said Tansi.

"Yes," said Tony, "what a pity
Granfer didn't know—"

"He does know. He's in the pat-
tern of it all."

One closes the book with the hope
that Leslie Haylen will write another
volume dealing with the riper years
of Tony's manhood.

"Brown Boy Singing." By Leslie
Haylen, Angus and Robertson.

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Let her know you enjoy the
loveliness of her hands by giving
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NURSE SAYS DeWitt's Pills are Wonderful for

BACKACHE

This Nurse's praise of De
Witt's Pills as a wonderful
remedy for backache is of
vital interest to all sufferers.

Nurse A. A. says:—

"I was taken ill with a bad back.
I could not stand up and was two
days in bed. My sister persuaded me
to try De Witt's Pills and I now feel
better than I have done for a long
time. They are wonderful for bad
backs. I suffered for ages, but thanks
to De Witt's Pills I am working
again and feel as good as ever. I re-
commend them to all my patients."

* Name withheld—medical etiquette.

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Specially for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and Kidney Troubles.
Obtainable everywhere. Prices—1/9, 3/- and 5/9. Start to get well TO-DAY.



De Witt's Pills are made
especially for weak kidneys.
In 24 hours after the first
dose you see that your kidneys
are being cleansed from the
poisons and impurities that
cause backache. With kidneys
cleansed and strengthened the
cause of your pain is cleared
right out of your system.

Don't wait to be bed-ridden
with backache. Take two De
Witt's Pills to-night and see
results in the morning. Not
only will De Witt's Pills banish
the cause of your pain but
their tonic effect will increase
your vigour and vitality.

How to beat the Budget: No. 1

Grow your salad vegetables

EXTRA taxation means depleted household budgets, but instead of reducing the family standard of living the housewife, wherever possible, should grow her own vegetables.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

IT can be done in almost any garden unless deeply shaded, providing the ground is well tilled.

With about four or five months of good growing weather still ahead there is no reason why the home gardener cannot save from 5/- to 10/- a week, or even more, by growing most of the vegetables in the backyard.

Quite apart from salad items, with which this article expressly deals, potatoes, pumpkins, squashes, marrows, beans, beetroot, parsnips, carrots, cabbages, cauliflowers, radishes, eschallots, peas and sweet corn may still be sown in most parts of Australia.

Preparation of the soil is the first essential ingredient for success with all vegetables. It is no use trying to grow good quality stuff in poor soil.

Rotted manure or vegetable matter of any kind will be needed in fair quantity to make the soil fertile. If it is not naturally rich in humus, all the artificial fertilisers in the world will not make it so—it must be built up with organic matter first.

Take tomatoes, for instance; they are an excellent home crop, and next to the backbone of all salads, the lettuce, are fairly easy to grow if you do not let spotted wilt and black spot run away with the crop.

Make the soil rich if you are planting out tomato seedlings, and bear in mind, if you are a beginner, that it pays to buy plants of tomato, cabbage, cauliflower, silver beet, lettuce and rhubarb rather than to attempt raising these from seed.

Prepare soil

DIG the soil over well and at least 18in. deep. At the bottom break up the subsoil and mix in a lot of good manure. Then gradually reduce the quantity as you go towards the surface.

In the top spit of soil make the quantity of manure about one-half that put at the bottom, and add superphosphate (4 parts) and one part each of sulphate of ammonia and sulphate of potash.

Water the soil before setting out seedlings, and give the plants some cover until they recover from the shock of transplanting.

Cultivate regularly to keep down weed growth and conserve moisture, and feed the plants with any complete fertiliser or liquid manure when the flowers appear.

Staking and stem-pruning (picking out all lateral growth except the top) is advised where any great quantity of plants is being raised. This assists cultivation, spraying, dusting, and picking, and the fruit ripens much quicker under such conditions.

Lettuces are frequently regarded as difficult to grow, but if the soil is made very rich with plenty of manure, and good fertilisers such as super, blood and bone, bone dust, and small quantities of nitrogenous manure are used, the battle is half won.

Two ingredients for success that cannot be overlooked are good feed and ample moisture. If lettuces are

THIS is the first of a series of articles by Our Home Gardener on growing vegetables in the home garden. Next week's article will deal with winter greens.

not grown quickly they will be tough and bitter.

Water will need to be applied every day, and this should be followed up by a dose of weak liquid manure once they start to heart.

Twice-daily watering is not too much during very hot, dry weather. Some of the best varieties to sow for summer are Neapolitan, Imperial F, Mammoth Salamander, Seedless and Deacon. Deacon is a variety that stands up well to heat and drought.

Cucumbers may still be sown in all parts of the Commonwealth. They grow rapidly in hot weather if the seed is sown in hills of old manure.

Like lettuce, they must be grown quickly to be crisp and tasty. Liquid manure can be applied once they start to run, and weekly doses will assist in the development of the fruits.

Digestible cucumbers

CRYSTAL ICE, an apple-shaped variety, and Crystal Apple (another of the same shape) are two of the most digestible cucumbers grown. They bear most prolifically and over a long period.

Of the long cucumbers, Choice Long Green, Improved White Spine, and Japanese Climbing are the best for present sowing.

A few Early Chantenay carrots should always be sown for grating and mixing with salads. They mature very quickly, and, being short and sweet, make a tasty addition.

Any soil that was manured earlier in the season for beans or cabbage will suit carrots, but they dislike fresh manure.

Celery can be sown about the end of the year or any time in January. Being a bog plant it likes very rich, fibrous, peaty soil, and all the water you can spare.

Beetroots add just that finish to a salad that lipstick does to a girl's glamor, and several rows should be planted at fortnightly or monthly intervals. The soil should be rich and contain only very old manure.

Detroit Dark Red and Crimson Globe are two of the best varieties. In January a row or two of Obelisk (an intermediate or half-long variety) can be sown and will still be growing well when the cool weather sets in.

Watercress is one of the finest salad vegetables known, but is very little grown in Australia. If a deep trench is constructed and lined with about four inches of puddled clay, which should be well beaten down, and the bottom is filled with an inch or two of rich soil, cress can be grown there. This crop, however, requires a lot of water. For the back water of a creek or billabong, or a shallow creek, the crop is ideal.

Eschallots can be sown now in well-prepared soil. They make an excellent addition to a salad. If eschallots are unobtainable, white, brown, or odorless onions can be



SOME HOME-GROWN TOMATOES. As this fruit, together with lettuce, forms the basis of most summer salads, it is well worth growing as extensively as possible in the home garden.

RIGHT: This picture of a seedling shows how to set out tomato plants that have been grown in seedboxes. The soil should be cut into squares in such a way that the roots are not disturbed.



sown from seed and pulled when big enough.

Radishes are mostly used for garnishing or decorating salads, but if grown quickly in soil that is very

sandy, rich, and well supplied with moisture they are more digestible. French Breakfast, Celestial, Long Scarlet, and Mixed Turnip radishes are the best to sow.



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CONTENT**

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**LEA & PERRINS
TOMATO SAUCE**
IN A CLASS OF ITS OWN

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**New sweet wins this
week's first prize**

SELECTED by our cookery expert as the most interesting entry this week in our best recipe competition. Other readers are awarded consolation prizes for their recipes which are published below. You too can enter this weekly best recipe competition.

ALL you have to do is write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

**PINEAPPLE GINGER-PUFF
DESSERT**

Caramel Mixture: Slowly melt 3 tablespoons butter with 1 cup brown sugar in a small pan, and when a light caramel mixture is formed pour into 8-inch sandwich tins (half in each). Spread evenly over bottom of tins and arrange 3 slices pineapple (one slice in centre and pieces around). Fill spaces between fruit with chopped preserved ginger and chopped Brazil nuts.

Ginger-Puff Batter: Beat 3 dessertspoons butter to a cream with 4oz. sugar, add 2 eggs and beat again; then add 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup flour sifted with 1 teaspoon

baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 level teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix and pour over pineapple and bake 25 minutes. Serve as a sweet with creamy sauce.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Trenouth, 95a Lower North Rd., Prospect, S.A.

JELLIED SANDWICHES

Slices of cooked corned beef, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoon tomato chutney, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 packet raspberry jelly crystals, 1 1/2 cups boiling water, 1 cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-2 teaspoon pepper, lettuce, mayonnaise.

Cut thick round slices from cooked corned beef, then cut in halves. Spread one half of meat with mashed egg-yolks mixed with tomato chutney and cayenne pepper. Sandwich other half of meat on top and press firmly together. Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water, add vinegar, salt and pepper, stir well and cool. Place beef sandwiches in a shallow dish, cover with jelly mixture, leave till firm. Cut out each jellied sandwich, place on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Jones, 82 William St., East St. Kilda, Vic.

RASPBERRY CREAM SOUFFLE

Three eggs, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 2oz. castor sugar, a gill of cream, a little raspberry jam, essence of vanilla.

Beat yolks of eggs with sugar and add flavoring. Melt gelatine in a little hot water and strain into yolks. Beat whites of eggs to a stiff froth till it will stand up. Mix all together in a glass dish. When set spread the top with raspberry jam, and cover the whole with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Lahey, c/o Mrs. Goddard, 265 Croydon Rd., Croydon, N.S.W.

LEMON BARLEY WATER

Eight large cups water, 2 large or 3 small lemons, 3 good tablespoons pearl barley, 1 teaspoon salt (scant), 3 good tablespoons sugar.

Put half the water on to boil with barley and salt and boil 5 or 6 minutes. In the meantime, peel rind off 1 lemon very thinly, as the white pith is bitter. Take juice from all the lemons and put with rind in a basin. Add boiling barley water to juice, etc., straining as you do so. Then add sugar, stirring well. When liquid has cooled a little, add rest of water, and strain into jugs and put away to cool in ice-chest or refrigerator.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. L. George, 61 Upper Ellenborough St., Ipswich, Qld.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

One gallon vinegar, 1oz. ground cloves, 1oz. pimento berries, 1oz. mace, 2oz. garlic, peeled and cut up, 2oz. ground ginger, 1lb. salt, 2lb. treacle, 11 cups burnt sugar, 2 cups sugar, 1oz. cayenne pepper.

Let all come to boil and simmer for about 1 hour, strain, and put into china jar or large enamel saucepan. Cover with lid to keep in steam. Stir well, then stand all night, stir well again, and bottle. Shake bottle before using.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Robson, c/o Dr. A. A. Lang, Penhurst St., Willoughby, N.S.W.

RITZ CREAM

Bananas, custard, raspberry jam, cream and grated chocolate.

Put a dessertspoon of raspberry jam on bottom of custard glasses. Half-fill with custard, slice bananas over thinly until full, then cover with whipped cream and grate chocolate thickly over the top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Sylvia R. Harper, Darke's Forest, via Helensburgh, N.S.W.

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MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says if you haven't an ice-box and want to keep milk fresh in warm weather, place the milk bottle in a large basin filled with water in which a tablespoon of salt and a tablespoon of common soda have been dissolved.

**Miss Precious
Minutes**

HOW many housewives, otherwise prudent, persist in storing preserves on a top shelf, which is the worst possible position, since hot air rises. If you wish to keep your jams and pickles free from fermentation, store them on a low shelf or dry stone floor.

POURING milk or cream into the cup before adding the tea will prevent the cracking of delicate china—and apart from this, the addition of milk afterwards gives tea a cloudy and unappetising appearance.

OPERA-TOP slips and vests are uncomfortable when the shoulder-straps slip, and the shoulder-straps are unsightly if they slip while wearing evening dress. To cure this fault thread the shoulders with blouse elastic.

WHEN first purchased, glass-clothes are often too stiff for effective use. This fault can be overcome by soaking in cold water to which a packet of Epsom salts has been added, thus removing the dressing.



FLIES don't like the odor of onions. Onion will also remove fly-spots from metal objects and the odor remaining will keep other flies away.

MICKEY MOUSE and DONALD DUCK

NOW ON
KRAFT
RE-USABLE
Swanky-Swig
GLASSES

ALSO

(Copyright Walt Disney)

Yes! Kraft Swanky-Swig re-usable glasses are now decorated with four of Walt Disney's famous Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck designs... Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck and The Three Nephews. Get all four of these popular designs. First you serve delicious Kraft Spreads

from these gay glasses... Kraft Mayonnaise, Kraft Spread Cheese, Kraft Sandwich Relish, Kraft Savoury Relish. And when the glasses are empty, you can use them over and over again for dozens of things. Start on your collection right away!

Ask for KRAFT SPREADS in the
NEW SWANKY-SWIG
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SOLD AT FOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

Your flavour sealed XMAS HAM

COOKED, READY TO SERVE, ECONOMICAL BECAUSE NO WASTE. PACKED IN 1, 2, AND 3 POUND TINS AND FULL SIZE AS ILLUSTRATED. MAKE SURE OF THE BEST HAM YOU EVER TASTED BY ORDERING NOW.



Sold by leading grocers and stores throughout Australia, including David Jones, Farmers, Anthony Hordern & Sons, Moran & Co., in Sydney, N.S.W.

All ready for Christmas Dinner

● Here is delicious fare for those who are serving a cold Christmas dinner this year. It can be prepared the day before if necessary, thus giving you a minimum of kitchen work on the all-important day and more time to spend with your family or guests.

THE vogue for serving a cold Christmas dinner is growing more popular each year in this country.

Of course tradition dies hard, and for many Christmas is not Christmas without a hot meal of roast chicken, turkey, or duck, followed by the usual plum pudding.

But for those who don't want to spend more than a minimum of time in the kitchen on this festive occasion, so they will be able to enjoy more time with the family or guests, then a cold dinner solves all problems.

Moreover, if the thermometer is soaring and the beaches are calling, then a meal that is cool, yet tempting and satisfying, is really more practical than a hot dinner. The menu given below is one that is easily prepared and particularly suitable for the busy housewife or one who is entertaining guests.

Almost the entire dinner could be prepared the previous day. Only the garnishes and other finishing touches need be done on Christmas Day.

COLD CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU

Yuletide Fruit Cocktail
Olives Stuffed with Prawns
Glazed Chicken Baltimore
Tomato and Asparagus Salad
Frozen Marshmallow Plum Pudding
Ice Cream
Nuts and Fruit Cheese Wafers
Coffee.

YULETIDE FRUIT COCKTAIL

Four juicy oranges, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons diced pineapple, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons sherry, maraschino cherries to decorate.

Separate oranges into sections and remove the thin skin with a pair of scissors. Chill thoroughly, place in glasses. Sprinkle with castor sugar, add lemon juice mixed with the pineapple. If liked, sprinkle with a little finely-chopped mint. Sprinkle with the sherry and top with a cherry. Chill thoroughly before serving.

OLIVES STUFFED WITH PRAWNS

Remove black veins from prawns, and marinate in lemon juice and a very little olive oil; drain and fill vein cavities with thin strips of chilli. Remove stuffing from olives, slit the olives halfway down and insert one prawn in each olive. Arrange in a bowl of iced water. Serve with salad dressing in a small bowl placed in the centre of the dish.

GLAZED CHICKEN BALTIMORE

One pair of chickens, 1 small tin tomato soup, 1 pint chicken stock, 1 heaped tablespoon gelatine, 1 tin asparagus, 1 doz. very small new potatoes, 1 dessertspoon finely-chopped mint, a few stuffed olives.

Steam chickens slowly until tender. When quite cold, cut into neat joints and place on a flat dish ready for glazing. Mix gelatine with a little cold water. Heat chicken stock, add soaked gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Pour onto the tomato soup, stir over ice until beginning to set. Mask each piece of chicken and leave till quite set. Boil the potatoes in water well flavored with mint. Drain, toss in melted butter and finely chopped mint. Arrange the pieces of chicken on a large dish, pile the potatoes in the middle, then arrange the



asparagus in bundles round the dish. Place a slice of stuffed olive on each portion of chicken. Put in refrigerator for one hour before serving.

TOMATO AND ASPARAGUS SALAD

Six medium-sized red tomatoes, 1 small tin of asparagus, lettuce leaves, parsley or watercress, and salad dressing.

Remove the centre from each tomato, making a hole through the fruit. Insert two or three sticks of asparagus into each tomato. Arrange on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves and serve salad dressing separately. Chill thoroughly before serving.

MARSHMALLOW PLUM PUDDING

One packet raspberry jelly crystals, 1 doz. marshmallows, 2oz. seeded raisins, 2oz. sultanas, 1oz. lemon peel, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1pt. water, squeeze lemon juice, half bottle of maraschino cherries to decorate, 1 gill whipped cream.

Dissolve jelly crystals in 1pt. boiling water and a scant 1pt. sherry. Place aside to cool. Put fruit, peel, sugar, lemon juice and water into saucepan and simmer all together for 10 minutes. Add gelatine that has been soaking in a little water. Stir till it has dissolved. Turn out mixture to cool, then add to raspberry jelly. Cut marshmallows in four with wet scissors. Pour one-third of mixture into a wet fancy mould and leave until quite set. Cover with a layer of marshmallows and just cover them with a little of the liquid. When set, add another layer of mixture, cover with marshmallows, and continue in this way until the mould is full. Place in refrigerator until quite set and thoroughly chilled. Turn out onto a flat dish. Garnish with cherries and sprigs of holly. Serve whipped, sweetened, and flavored cream separately.

MARSHMALLOWS

Two ounces gelatine, 2lb. sugar, 11 cups boiling water, 1 cup cold water, vanilla to flavor.

Soak gelatine in 1 cup cold water. Bring other ingredients to boiling point, add soaked gelatine. Boil 20 minutes. Put into large basin, slightly cool, and flavor. Beat till thick. Pour into swiss-roll tins, thickly sprinkled with icing sugar. Cut into inch squares when cold.

These marshmallows may be stored in airtight tins and used as sweets, or for garnishing cold sweet dishes or cakes.

EXCEPT for the garnishing and final touches, most of this cold Christmas dinner can be prepared the day before. The dishes include Glazed Chicken Baltimore, Marshmallow Plum Pudding, and Olives Stuffed with Prawns.

FOUNDATION ICE-CREAM

Half-pint milk, 1 pint cream, whites 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons sugar, any desired flavoring, as coffee, chocolate, passionfruit or strawberries.

Warm the milk and dissolve gelatine in it. When cool, add whipped cream and stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Put into trays and freeze, beating three times during the process of freezing. Serve garnished with fresh or stewed fruit.

If chocolate or coffee ice-cream is desired add sufficient of either to flavor mixture when warming the milk.

CHEESE WAFERS

Two ounces butter, 3oz. plain flour, 3oz. dry grated cheese, yolk of 1 egg, lemon juice, 1 tablespoon water, salt and cayenne to taste.

Sift salt, flour, and cayenne, rub in the butter, add the cheese, and mix into a stiff dough with yolk of egg, lemon juice, and water. Roll out into a thin sheet, cut out with small round fancy cutter. Glaze and prick well. Place on a shallow tin and bake until a golden brown in a moderate oven (375 deg. F). Serve on small plates and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Here are two dessert recipes for those who haven't a refrigerator:

CHOCOLATE DREAM

Three eggs, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, whipped cream, 1oz. sweet chocolate, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 1/2oz. castor sugar.

Pour water over gelatine. Stand for five minutes. Separate yolks and whites of eggs. Stir egg-yolks into sugar. Add softened gelatine and water. Melt chocolate in milk and add gradually. Pour into top of a double saucepan. Cook over hot water for 5 minutes, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved. Cool, and when beginning to set, stir in vanilla. Beat egg-whites till stiff and fold into mixture. Turn into a border mould rinsed with cold water. When set and cold turn out into a glass dish. Fill centre with cut bananas topped with whipped cream, or decorate only with whipped cream. Garnish with chocolate sprinkles.

STRAWBERRY JELLY SHORT-CAKE

One packet strawberry jelly crystals, strawberry jam, some fresh or tinned strawberries for decorating, whipped cream to taste, 2 sponge layers.

Prepare jelly according to instructions on packet, but use a little less

water so jelly will set firmly. Rinse two layer tins out and set jelly in both, adding a little more in one than the other. Just before serving, place a sponge layer in the bottom of a shallow glass dish. Spread thinly with jam. Gently turn the thicker jelly out on top. Spread remaining sponge layer thinly with jam and place on top, jam side up. Place thinner layer of jelly on top of second sponge. Decorate with whipped cream, sweetened with strawberry jam and, if desired, garnish with strawberries.

ROSELLA PORK & BEANS FOR LUNCH

Now for the lunch I love
the most,
Rosella Pork and Beans
with toast.

Rosella Pork and Beans—
an enjoyable meal in
double quick time. Simply
heat and serve with grille
or toast these nourishing
ovenbaked beans, per-
fectly flavoured with pork
and Rosella Tomato Sauce.

Also Baked Beans,
Sausages & Vegetables,
Spaghetti with Cheese.

The Doctor Tells You What to do

ABOUT WHOOPING-COUGH

PATIENT: Doctor, several children in our street have whooping-cough. Do you think I should let my little girl go on playing with them with the idea that she might as well get the disease over now as later? Or should I keep her away from them?

DOCTOR: The child should certainly be kept away from children who have whooping-cough.

It is not a wise thing ever to encourage disease, for every illness, however slight, represents an invasion of our bodies by an enemy, and we can never be quite certain just how much damage will be inflicted before that enemy is routed and destroyed.

Whooping-cough, as a rule, is not a serious disease. But it is a most unpleasant complaint, and, if neglected, may pave the way for pneumonia, chronic chest trouble, tuberculosis, or other semi-permanent damage.

In its early stages whooping-cough is often hard to distinguish from a common cold or the first stage of measles.

Most doctors now recommend that any child who has "the sniffles," together with a cranky mood, and perhaps a temperature, should be put to bed and kept away from his fellows.

The "sniffles" may be just a cold; it may be the beginning of whooping-cough, measles, or influenza.

Whichever it may turn out to be, bed is the best place for the child at that stage. That is the time when the body is fighting hardest against the invader, and also the time at which the child is most infectious.

By staying in bed he is less likely to give his complaint to his companions, and he is providing his own body with the best possible conditions under which to fight the infection.

Whooping-cough attacks children mostly between the ages of twelve months and five years. After a child is five years old there is less chance of his catching it, and less chance of its being serious if he does catch it.

Younger children may suffer a great deal during the long bouts of coughing, and, if the cough is very severe, steps may have to be taken to prevent the danger of an abdominal rupture.

Not much can be done by way of actual treatment for whooping-cough. The disease may be controlled to some extent by vaccine treatment, but there is still some difference of opinion as to its value.

Children with whooping-cough should be allowed a maximum amount of fresh air and sunlight. So long as they do not become over-tired or overheated there is no reason why they should not be allowed to run about and play.

To help them fight the infection they also need a liberal supply of protective foods, such as milk and fresh fruit, salad vegetables, fresh-cooked vegetables, and wholemeal bread.

If the cough is accompanied by



TONY POSES with the Dionne Quintuplets for his first picture. Tony is the Great Dane watchdog of the "Quins." Trained and presented to them as a co-protector, they have made him a playmate, a recipient of gifts, titbits, and whispered confidences. Gentle as a lamb with them, he bares his teeth to suspicious-acting outsiders. Left to right: Yvonne, Cecile, Emilie, Marie, Annette.

vomiting, as it often is, the victim may lose quite a bit of weight.

The child can be fed immediately after he loses his meal, as the vomiting is due to the contraction of the muscles in the coughing spasm, and is not due to any digestive disturbance.

It may be necessary to ensure that the child has adequate rest at night. For this purpose your doctor will prescribe a safe sedative.

The convalescent stage may be comparatively short or protracted, depending largely upon the patient's general state of health, and the care

he receives during the course of the disease.

The cough continues usually for several weeks, and a child must be considered infectious as long as the cough persists.

Even after a child has apparently recovered, the infection will leave him "run-down" for a while. During this time he needs extra care to re-establish fully his former health.

Proper rest, fresh air and nourishing food are his allies. Likewise they are the allies of each of us who would prevent, as well as recover from, infections such as whooping-cough.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Failure to thrive

A LEAFLET dealing with various reasons that may be the cause of baby's early failure to thrive has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested in this subject can obtain a copy free by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



*Prominent
English
Beauty*

*Outstanding
Young
Australian*



**BOTH SAFEGUARD THEIR LOVELY
COMPLEXIONS THE SAME FAMOUS WAY.**

Lady Cynthia Tophill, sister of the fifth Earl of Bandon, is very slender and dark, with shining dark eyes, dark brown hair, and a gloriously smooth "peachy" skin.

QUESTION TO LADY CYNTHIA TOPHILL.

Lady Cynthia, what special care do you give your complexion to keep it so radiant and flawless?

ANSWER:

Pond's Creams keep my skin in perfect condition with none of the trouble and expense other beauty methods involve. Dirt gets into one's skin that soap and water just can't touch—it's too deep down. But Pond's Cold Cream removes all that buried dirt, it's so wonderfully penetrating.

QUESTION TO LADY CYNTHIA TOPHILL.

Your war service is vigorous outdoor work, Lady Cynthia. Don't you find it's hard on your complexion?

ANSWER:

Pond's Creams are a splendid standby. I find Pond's Vanishing Cream does two things for my skin. Just a touch of it is enough to make my skin wonderfully smooth and receptive to powder. And it also makes my powder cling so well.

QUESTION TO MISS PATERSON.

It's easy to see that you know how to take good care of your lovely complexion, Miss Paterson. What is your beauty secret?

ANSWER:

Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed. And before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

QUESTION TO MISS PATERSON.

Do you think you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?

ANSWER:

Absolutely! Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it nice for hours. And Pond's Vanishing Cream protects my skin from roughening when I'm out in the sun and wind.

Miss Pat Peterson of Bondi, has an unusually interesting job with the Atlantic Union Oil Company. She's one of the well-known "Miss Atlantic" girls. Miss Peterson is very slim, golden haired, and she has an enviably flawless skin.



Miss Paterson's work takes her out and about in all weather, and in her recreation time she plays tennis, surf, golf.

THIS IS HOW THESE LOVELY WOMEN KEEP THEIR SKIN BEAUTIFUL WITH POND'S TWO CREAMS.

For thorough skin cleansing, they use POND'S COLD CREAM every night and morning and during the day whenever they change their make-up. They pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up... keeps your skin flawless.

They use POND'S VANISHING CREAM as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, is a protection from the roughening effects of sun and wind. And here's a good tip! For lasting skin softness apply Pond's Vanishing Cream overnight too, after your usual cleansing.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/8 oz. tubes, 1/4 oz. jars, and generous 2 1/2 oz. jars containing approximately 3 1/2 times as much. (Prices including Sales Tax.)

FREE! Mail this Coupon today with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc. for two tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL ☐ ROSE ☐ SUNTAN ☐
BRUNETTE ☐ BRUNETTE ☐
LIGHT ☐ NATURAL ☐ LIGHT NATURAL ☐
CREAM ☐ CREAM ☐

POND'S DEPT. (K-40), Box 1111 E. G.P.O., MELBOURNE

NAME

ADDRESS



Lady Cynthia Tophill is living for the time being in Kent, but in peace time enjoys travelling and is frequently abroad. She loves books and is keenly interested in the ballet. Since the war started Lady Cynthia has worked as an ambulance driver.

Wild rose DUCHESS SET

THIS dainty set of mats for your dressing-table can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced ready for working on sheer linen.

Colors are white, blue, pink, yellow, or green, and each duchesse set includes one large centre mat and two smaller mats to match.

Price of the three-piece set, 2/9.

To do the embroidery, work outside edges in buttonhole and inner veins in stem-stitch. For centres of flowers use french knots. Cottons for working also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 2d. a skein.

THE PRETTIEST SET for your dressing-table. It is obtainable traced with the wild rose design from our Needlework Department in sheer linen in white, blue, pink, yellow, or green.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 52

YOUR SMALL DAUGHTER would love this dainty playtime apron. It is traced for working on white or colored organdie. Obtainable from our Needlework Department.

For your small daughter, a DAINTY PLAYTIME APRON

● All ready for you to work and traced on white or colored organdie with lace-trimmed edges.

YOU can obtain this little apron from our Needlework Department. It is traced for working on organdie in green, blue, yellow, or white.

The apron is lace-trimmed, and features a dainty floral motif on bib, pocket, and at hem.

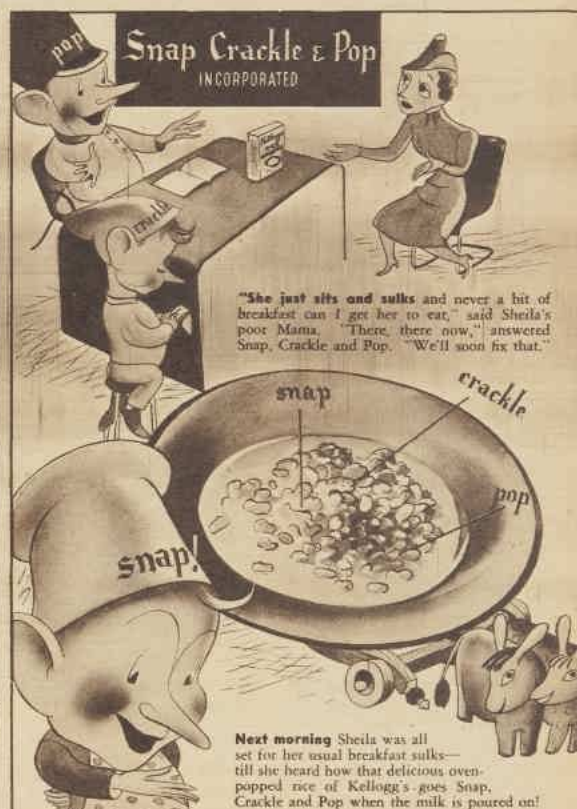
Sizes 4 to 6 years, and 6 to 8 years, price 1/9.

Paper pattern in same sizes for the frock shown beneath the apron

is also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 1/-.

Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 466F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 488W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh Street, or Dalson House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



"She just sits and sulks and never a bit of breakfast can I get her to eat," said Sheila's poor Mama. "There, there now," answered Snap, Crackle and Pop. "We'll soon fix that."

Next morning Sheila was all set for her usual breakfast sulks—till she heard how that delicious oven-popped rice of Kellogg's goes Snap, Crackle and Pop when the milk is poured on!



In no time at all Sheila was asking for more! And now Mama sees that Sheila gets a brimming plateful of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles for breakfast every morning. Yum! Yum!! And these exciting Rice Bubbles of Kellogg's are brimming over with energising, easily digested nourishment that kiddies need. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Bubbles the very next time you're at the shop.

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its oven-popped rice.



"Triconese" Daywear



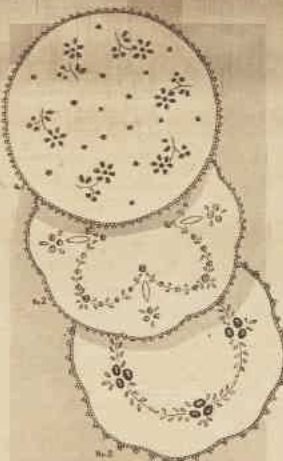
AND NATURALLY IT'S BY

KAYSER

Cultivate that "fresh from the bathtub" feeling by getting acquainted with "Triconese"—the coolest, sheerest, daintiest Lingerie fabric that ever challenged a Summer's Day! "Triconese" is a KAYSER exclusive!

Cool as powdered ice! Vest 403 and Scanties No. 503 in exquisitely sheer "Triconese." Both only 3/11 ea.

Other Kayser Vests & Scanties from 2/6 ea.



THREE DAINY D'OYLEYS which you can obtain from our Needlework Department traced for working on linen. Edges spoke-stitched for crochet.

THREE NEW D'OYLEYS

HANDWORKED d'oyleys make ideal Christmas gifts. Above are three designs which you can obtain from our Needlework Department traced for working on linen in shades of white, cream, green, blue, yellow, or pink.

Size is 8 inches across, and edges are spokestitched for crochet.

Price 1/- each.

Cottons for working, 2d a skein.

Initials in soldiers' socks

ONE of the most practical ideas in knitting comforts for soldiers and men in other services is to knit their initials into the tops of their socks.

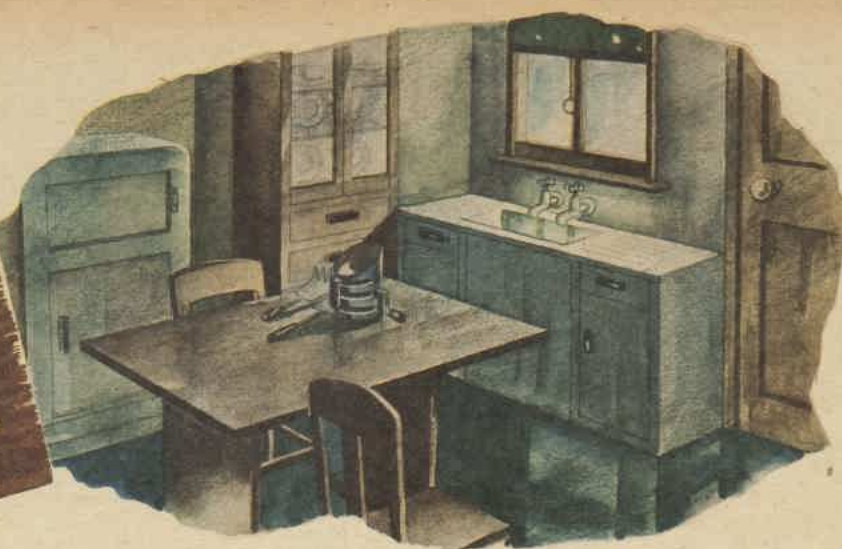
If you are interested write for a free leaflet giving instructions for knitting initials in the tops of socks. Send your request to The Australian Women's Weekly (addresses above) and enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Endorse your envelope "Soldiers' Socks, Initials."

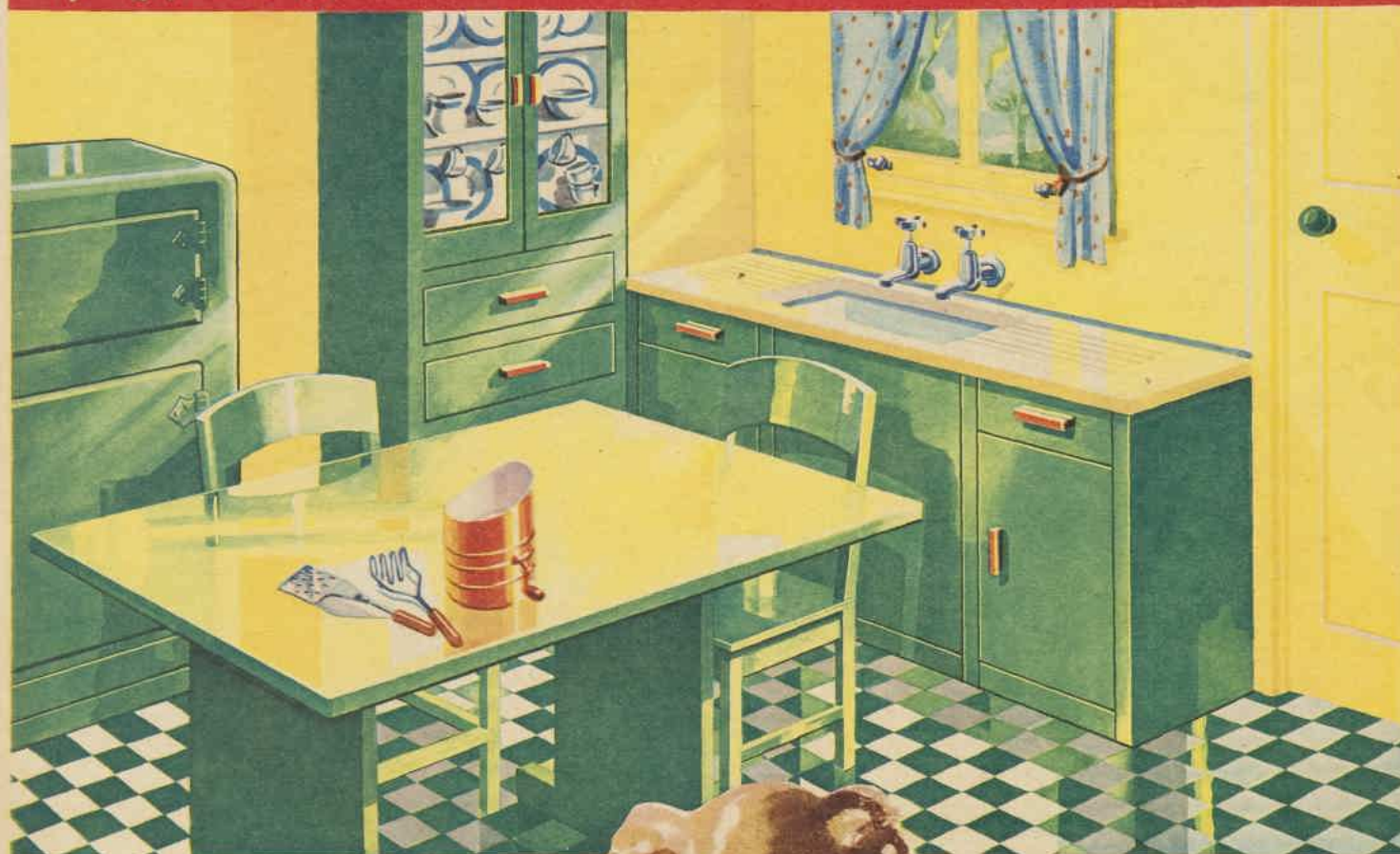


INITIALS knitted into sock.

**Before -
MY KITCHEN
LOOKED
LIKE THIS ...**



After DYNAMEL - it was a dream!



Take your choice of 30 lovelier colors on the Dynamel Color Card at paint stores everywhere.

White, New Cream, Ivory, Cream, Biscuit, Coral, Powder Rose, Sky Blue, Cambridge Blue, Kanimbla Blue, Harbour Blue, Royal Blue, Primrose, Daffodil, Marigold, Orange, Oriental Red, Cherry Red, Persian Red, Lake Green, Nile Green, Lettuce Green, Spring Green, Forest Green, Oyster Grey, Cruiser Grey, Beige, Russet, Chestnut, Black, Clear, Inside Ice-Chest White.

**SO QUICK!
SO EASY WITH
DYNAMEL!
DRIES TWICE AS
FAST - TWICE
AS HARD!**



DYNAMEL IS BETTER THAN ENAMEL. It dries twice as fast. Twice as hard. Never a streak. Never a brushmark. You get a mirror-smooth finish first time.



**ANYONE CAN
DO A GOOD
JOB WITH
DYNAMEL!**

FREE!

TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

Please send me free your enlarged book, "The Colorful Home", together with "Harmony in the Kitchen". I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

A. 18



ABOVE: Attractive living-room in home of Constance Moore, Universal—green carpet, yellow-green curtains, pale yellow walls, couch-cover in red, rust, yellow, and green on cream ground. LEFT: Lounge beautifully decorated with mulberry carpet and window drapes and turquoise-green chair covers.



Suggested color schemes . . .

LIVING-ROOMS MULBERRY

and Green: Draperies, mulberry velvet or velvet; glass curtains, fine cream net; carpet, plain wall-to-wall in deep beige with small Oriental rugs incorporating green tonings; furniture, dark brown wood with green, mulberry and gold upholstery; walls, cream; woodwork, dark brown; accessories, natural parchment lampshades, mulberry, cream and green cushions.

Rose and Tan: Draperies, deep cream linen with rose pattern; glass curtains, ivory voile; carpet, plain tan or green with rose and tan pattern; furniture, maple with loose covers to match draperies; walls, ivory; woodwork, brown; accessories, rose lampshades, rose, yellow and green cushions.

Blue and Gold: Draperies, blue and gold damask; glass curtains, gold net; carpet, plain blue, or rose and gold on blue ground; furniture, walnut with blue, gold, and rose upholstery; walls, rich cream; woodwork, rich cream; accessories, gold lampshades, green, blue, and gold cushions.

DINING-ROOMS YELLOW

and Green: Draperies, lavender chintz with green, gold, and blue pattern; glass curtains, fine cream voile; carpet, plain green; furniture, cream enamel with chair seats of chintz to match drapes; walls, light yellow; woodwork, cream; accessories, yellow linen and glassware.

Red and Brown: Draperies, linen with blue and red on tan ground; glass curtains, deep cream; carpet, green and tan on rust ground; furniture, oak with red leather seats; walls, oak panelling or tan and gold textured wallpaper; accessories, yellow linen and glassware.

Blue and Rose: Draperies, chintz with tan and rose design on blue ground; glass curtains, ivory marquise; carpet, blue, rose, and green on tan ground; furniture, dark brown wood with blue chair seats; walls, very pale blue; woodwork, brown; accessories, rose or blue linen and glassware.

BEDROOMS ROSE and Blue:

Draperies, rose silk taffeta; glass curtains, cream net; carpet, plain soft blue-grey; furniture, cream enamel; bedspread, rose; walls, cream paper with soft roses and blue design; accessories, chair in blue, rose, and cream chintz, old rose lampshades.

Orchid and Yellow: Draperies, chintz with yellow and orchid design on green ground; glass curtains, pale orchid voile; carpet, plain green; furniture, old ivory; bedspreads, same chintz as drapes; accessories, orchid lampshades, yellow-covered chair.

Henna and Green: Draperies, linen in henna, green, and yellow; glass curtains, ecru; carpet, plain henna; furniture, walnut; bedspreads, plain green; walls, cream; accessories, green and henna linen-covered chair, natural parchment lampshades.

BRIGHT SECRETS

● Ideas that will help to put glowing life into your rooms.

ONE secret of color blending is a knowledge of "complements." For example, there are three primaries, red, yellow, and blue.

Secondary colors are made by mixing two primaries, and intermediaries by mixing primary with a secondary.

This means that if you use green, which is a mixture of blue and yellow, the only color not included is red, which is the complement of green. Include red, and complete harmony results.

A good idea if you want a perfectly harmonious atmosphere is to plan a related color scheme. Select a dominant hue, and with it join the two colors on either side of it; and then for complete harmony add a touch of the complement of the predominating color.

Thus—with draperies of yellow-green you could have a moss-green carpet, buff-yellow walls, and for complement a chair or lamp-shade in red-violet.

It is possible to have a monotone color scheme, that is, one predominating color, such as green, allied with neutral tones, such as beige.

Some people prefer this idea, and very attractive effects are often achieved, but your room will have greater sense of harmony if you add a little of the complementary color.

—By Our Home Decorator.

CYCLONE

NO FLIES ALLOWED
BY ORDER
His Mother

KING OF Your CASTLE

PROTECT his precious health and comfort. Fit "Cyclone" Flywire Screens to every door and window. You can, at little cost, for screens and doors are quite attractively priced at all leading Hardware Stores and Departments, or are quite easy to make in any home workshop. But be sure always that you get "Cyclone" Flywire: it's strong and durable — made in Australia to give years and years of service.

FLYWIRE

CYCLONE FENCE & GATE CO. PTY. LTD...SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE, PERTH

CYCLONE

WC407

JANTZEN - the Christmas Gift that's a soft caress from you



Each time HE slips into the Jantzen you gave . . . feels the beautifully soft inner surface of one of those Velva-Sheen suits or trunks . . . or takes a look at HIMSELF in any model featuring Jantzen's six new shape-retaining fabric sensations . . . you'll be blessed and thanked again and again for a gift that was really wanted! A gift that

gave a thrill because of its glamour. A gift that had practical value, too.

Jantzen

Jantzen (Australia) Ltd., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Perfect, Permanent Fit.

Women's Suits, 23/6 to 45/-

Men's Trunks, 14/9 to 27/6; Girls' Suits, 15/6 to 22/6;

Boys' Trunks, 8/6 to 11/6; Infants, 6/6 to 12/6.



Flattery for you. A "Fisherman's Net" in heady, tropical colours is printed on this Saint Knit Jantzen. "Latex" yarn for two-way stretch. Never a wrinkle. Not a whisper of excess fabric around hips. Also in other prints and colors at 29/6.

His birthday soon? It's spoiling him — but he'll give a whoop of delight when you produce that pair of Jantzen Velva-Sheen trunks. Low-waisted. Skirtless. Feather-light. Inner surface is luxuriously soft. Ask for Style 10. Price 21/-.